THE

BLOODY BUOY

THROWN OUT AS

A warning to the Political Pilots of America;

OR A

FAITHFUL RELATION

OF

A MULTITUDE OF ACTS OF HORRID BARBARITY,

Such as the eye never witneſſed, the tongue never Expreſſed, or the imagination conceived, Until the commencement of

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN INSTRUCTIVE ESSAY,

Tracing theſe dreadful effects to their real Cauſes.

Illuſtrated with four ſtriking Copper-plates.

BY PETER PORCUPINE.

"You will plunge your Country into an abyſs of eternal "deteſtation and infamy, and the annals of your boaſted revolu- "tion will ſerve as a BLOODY BUOY, warning the nations of "the Earth to keep aloof from the mighty ruin."

Abbe Maury's ſpeech to the National Aſſembly.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED FOR BENJAMIN DAVIES NO. 68. HIGH-STREET.

MDCCXCVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

To all the juſt and humane people in the United States of America, of whatever ſect or nation, this work is moſt reſpectfully dedicated, by their

Obliged and

Humble Servant,

P. PORCUPINE.

TABLE

Of ſome of the moſt ſtriking Facts.

PAGE.

INTRODUCTION 9

Maſſacre of ſix hundred perſons in one day at Avignon - - - - 17

A child brought by the murderers to ſee his father put to death - - - 20

A lad cuts a hole in the cheek of a prieſt, to hold up his head by, while another cuts it off 21

Horrid maſſacre of the prieſts at Paris - 23

A man tears out a woman's heart reeking, and bites it with his teeth - - - - - 27

Women roaſted alive, and their fleſh cut off and preſented to men for food - - - 27

Phillipe cuts off the heads of his father and mother, and brings them to his club, as a proof of his patriotiſm - - - 29

A father leads his ſon to death - - 30

Two women tied naked to the guillotine, while their huſbands are executed - - 37

Execution of Robeſpierre and Henriot - 40

Women make little guillotines as play-things for their children - - - - - 41

A child of ten years old accuſes his mother, who is executed - - - - - 42

Sans-culotte oath - - - - - 50

PAGE.

Republican Marriages - - - 53
Carrier firſt ſatisfies his luſt, and then guillotines the women who were the objects of it - 54
Moſt brutal barbarity of ſome Negroes, and ſtill more brutal of ſome French ſoldiers - 64
An order for throwing forty women from the top of a rock into the ſea, which is executed 66
Dreadful deſcription of a priſon, containing women and children - - - 67
Shooting of women, ſtripped naked - 72
Decree forbidding people to ſolicit the pardon of their friends - - - - - 73
Drowning of prieſts - - - - 75
Particular account of a drowning - - 77
A great number of women, many of whom had children at the breaſt, drowned - 82
Sixty perſons ſuffocated under the hatches of a drowning-boat - - - - 83
A man ſhoots at his father - - 84
Seven thouſand five hundred perſons ſhot - 85
Shocking account of ſeveral hundreds of women and little children, periſhing in cold and filth 87
Dead bodies on the banks of the river devoured by dogs, &c. - - - - 89
Murder of ninety prieſts - - - 90
Hands of the priſoners chopped off - 93
People bargain with the executioners for the cloths of the priſoners as they are going to be ſhot 99
Women, and children of all ages ſhot - 110
A young lad chops off the head of a woman, while he ſings the *Carmagnole* - - 111
A woman lying dead and a child ſucking at her breaſt - - - - 121
A man ſhows his ſabre and boaſts that he had juſt cut off ſixty heads with it - - 124

PAGE.

One invites another to taſte the brains of an ariſtocrat - - - - - 125
O'Sullivan boaſts of his adroitneſs at ſticking people, and brags of having led his brother to execution - - - - - 126
Goullin beats his own father on his death-bed, and ſays no man ought to be accounted a good revolutioniſt who has not the courage to drink a glaſs of human blood - - 127
Children tied to the guillotine while the blood of their parents run on their heads - 128
A cut-throat wears the ears of murdered perſons pinned to his national cockade - - ib.
The ſame carries about him the private-parts of murdered men, which he ſhows to the women 129
The women of Paris cut off the ſame from the Swiſs-guards - - - ib.
A general murders children at the breaſt, and offers to lye with their mothers - - 130
Women delivered in the mud and water at the bottom of the drowning boats - - ib.
A child torn from a woman's body, and ſtuck on a bayonet, and thus carried at the head of a number of perſons going to be drowned ib.
Women with child ripped open, and the embryo ſtuck on pikes - - - - - 131
The Convention applaudes the invention of the drowning-boats, as an honour to France 139
An Inſtructive Eſſay - - - 140
A man's heart torn from his body and placed palpitating on a table before the magiſtrates. 157
Murder of Mr. Mauduit: his entrails trailed along the ſtreet - - - - 158
Moſt horrible murder of the Mayor of St. Denys 190
Murder of a Prieſt at Trois Rivieres, upwards of fourſcore years old - - - - 218

PAGE.
A woman's breasts torn off, and thrown on the floor - - - - - - 220
Gobet, the Constitutional Bishop of Paris solemnly abdicates the Christian Religion - - - 223

ERRATA.

Page 49 *Instead of* Carrier, born at Nantz, read Carrier, born in Gascogny.

INTRODUCTION.

THE object of the following work is, to give the people of this happy land a ſtriking and experimental proof of the horrible effects of anarchy and infidelity.

The neceſſity of ſuch an undertaking, at this time, would have been, in a great meaſure, precluded, had our public prints been conducted with that impartiality and undaunted adherence to truth, which the intereſts of the community and of ſuffering humanity demanded from them. But, ſo far from this, the greateſt part of thoſe vehicles of information have moſt induſtriouſly concealed, or gloſſed over, the actions as well as the motives of the ruling powers in France; they have extenuated all their unheard-of acts of tyranny, on the falſe but ſpecious pretence, that they were conducive to the eſtabliſhment of a free government; and, one of the editors has not bluſhed to declare, that "It would be *an eaſy matter* "*to appologize for all the maſſacres*, that have "taken place in that country."

We have ſeen, indeed, ſome exceptions; ſome few prints that have not diſhonoured themſelves by going this length: but even theſe have obſerved a timid ſilence, and

have avoided ſpeaking of the ſhocking barbarities of the French, with as much caution as if we were to partake in the diſgrace, and as if it was in our power to hide them from the world and from poſterity. If they have, now and then given way to a juſt indignation, this has been done in ſuch a manner, and has been ſo timid, as to do them but little honour. They have acted the part of the tyrannized people of Paris: they have huzza'd every ſucceeding tyrant, while on the theatre of power, and, the inſtant he was transferred to a ſcaffold, they have covered him with reproach. They have attributed to factions, to individuals, what was the work of the national repreſentatives, and of the nation itſelf. They have, in ſhort, inveighed againſt the murderers of the fallen aſſaſſins, while they have, in the ſame breath, applauded the principles, on which they acted, and on which their ſurvivers and their partizans do ſtill act.

Thus has the liberty of the preſs, a liberty of which we ſo juſtly boaſt, been not only uſeleſs to us during this terrible convulſion of the civilized world, but has been ſo perverted as to lead us into errors, which had well nigh plunged us into the ſituation of our diſtracted allies. Nor are we yet ſecure. Diſorganizing and blaſphemous

principles have been diſſeminated among us with but too much ſucceſs; and, unleſs we profit from the awful example before us, we may yet experience all the calamities that heaven and earth now call on us to deplore.

Fully impreſſed with this perſuaſion, the author of theſe ſheets has ventured to undeceive the miſguided; to tear aſide the veil, and ſhew to a yet happy people the dangers they have to fear. With this object in view, he has too much confidence in the good ſenſe and piety of the major part of his countrymen, not to be aſſured, that his efforts will be ſeconded by their zeal in the cauſe of order and religion.

The materials for the work have been collected from different publications, *all written by Frenchmen*, and all, except one, from which only a few extracts were made, *printed at Paris*.

Even the prints, repreſenting ſome of the frightful butcheries, perpetrated by the revolutioniſts, have been copied from French engravings.

Well aware that perſons of a certain deſcription will leave nothing untried to diſcredit a performance of this nature, the author has taken particular care to mention the work, and even the page, from which each fact is extracted.

He foreſees that the cant of *modern patriotiſm* will be poured forth againſt him on this occaſion. He knows that he ſhall be repreſented as an enemy of the French nation and of the cauſe of liberty. To this he will anſwer before-hand, with the frankneſs of a man who thinks no freedom equal to that of ſpeaking the truth. As to the individuals compoſing this formerly amiable nation, many of them, and he hopes very many, are ſtill entitled to his love and eſteem. He has, from his infancy, been an admirer of their ſprightly wit; he owes a thouſand obligations to their officious hoſpitality, and has long boaſted of their friendſhip. But, with reſpect to the *regenerated* French, he would bluſh to be thought their friend, after what he has recorded in this volume.—And, as to the cauſe of liberty, if that cauſe is to be maintained, by falſehood blaſphemy, robbery, violation and murder, he is, and truſts he ever ſhall be, its avowed and mortal enemy.

8 OC 63

THE BLOODY BUOY, &c.

CHAP. I.

FACTS taken from *L'hiſtoire du Clergé François*, or, *The Hiſtory of the French Clergy*, by the Abbé *Barruel*.

IT will be recollected by the greateſt part of my readers, that, ſoon after the beginning of the French Revolution, the National Aſſembly conceived the plan of deſtroying the religion of their forefathers. In order to effect this they ſeparated the Gallican church from that of Rome, and impoſed an oath on the clergy, which they could not take, without becoming apoſtates in the fulleſt ſenſe of the word. All the worthy and conſcientious part of that body refuſed of courſe, and this refuſal was made

a pretext to drive them from their livings, and fill the vacancies with ſuch as had more pliant conſciencies, principles better adapted to the impious ſyſtem, which the leaders in the Aſſembly had prepared for their too credulous countrymen.

The ejectment of the prieſthood was attended with numberleſs acts of moſt attrocious and wanton cruelty: theſe have been recorded by the *Abbé Barruel*, in a work entitled, *The Hiſtory of the French Clergy*; and, though what is here to be found will dwindle into nothing, when compared to what I have extracted from other works, yet it could not be wholly omitted, without ſhowing a degree of inſenſibility for the ſufferings of theſe men, that I am perſuaded the reader would not have excuſed. I ſhall therefore begin the relation with ſome extracts from that work.

It will be obſerved, that theſe extracts, as well as all thoſe that compoſe this compilation, are an abridged tranſlation from the French; but, as far as relates to thoſe contained in this chapter, the American reader may eaſily verify the tranſlation by examining the Engliſh edition of the Abbé *Barruel's* work, which is to be found in moſt parts of the Union.

PAGE 164.

Soon after the firſt National Aſſembly had decreed, that the Comtat of Avignon belonged to the French nation, an army of aſſaſſins, of whom one Jourdan, ſur-named the Cut-throat, was the commander, took poſſeſſion of the unfortunate city of Avignon. The churches were immediately pillaged, the ſacred vaſes profaned and carried off, and the altars levelled to the ground. The priſons were ſoon filled, and the unhappy victims were releaſed only to ſuffer death. A deep pit was dug to receive their dead bodies, ſix hundred of which were thrown into it, mangled and diſtorted, before ten o'clock the next day. Among them was Mr. Nolhac, a prieſt, in the eighteth year of his age. He had been thirty years rector of St. Symphorien, a pariſh which he prefered to all others, and which he could not be prevailed on to quit for a more lucrative one, becauſe he would not deſert the poor. During his rectorſhip he had been the common father of his pariſhioners, the refuge of the indigent, the comforter of the afflicted, and the friend and counſellor of every honeſt man. When the hour of danger approached, his friends adviſed him to fly; but no intreaties could

prevail on him to abandon his flock: "No," ſaid the good old man, "I have watched "over them in the halcyon days of peace, "and ſhall I now leave them midſt ſtorms "and tempeſts, without a guide; without "any one to comfort them in their laſt "dreary moments?"—Mr. Nolhac, who, till now, had been reſpected even by the Cut-throats, was ſent to the priſon the evening before the execution. His appearance and his ſalutation, were thoſe of a conſoling angel: "I come, my children, to die with "you: we ſhall ſoon appear in the preſence of "that God whom we ſerve, and who will not "deſert us in the hour of death." He fortified their drooping courage, adminiſtered the laſt conſolatory pledges of his love, and, the next day embraced and cheered each individual as he was called forth by the murderers. Two of theſe ſtood at the door with a bar of iron in their hands, and as the priſoners advanced knocked them down: the bodies where then delivered over to the other ruffians, who hacked and diſfigured them with their ſabres, before they threw them into the pit, that they might not afterwards be known by their friends and relations.—When the Cut-throats were diſperſed, every one was anxious to find the body of Mr. Nolhac. It was at laſt diſcovered by the caſſock, and the crucifix which he

wore on his breaſt. It had been pierced in fifty places, and the ſkull was maſhed to pieces.

PAGE 210.

Several prieſts were conducted to Lagrave, where they were told that they muſt take the oath,* or ſuffer death. Among them was a Sulpician of 98 years of age, and a young Abbé of the name of Novi. The whole choſe death, the venerable Sulpician leading the way. The trial of Mr. Novi was particularly ſevere. The ruffians brought his father to the ſpot, and told him, if he could perſuade his ſon to ſwear, he ſhould live. The tender old man, wavering, heſitating between the feelings of nature and the duties of religion, at laſt yields to parental fondneſs, throws his arms round his child's neck, buries his face in his boſom, and with tears and ſobs preſſes his compliance. "Oh! my child, my child, ſpare the "life of your Father!"—"My deareſt Fa-

* This oath amounted to neither more nor leſs than direct perjury, ſince, by taking it, they muſt break the oath they had made when they entered the prieſthood.

"ther!—My deareſt Father," returned the Abbé, "I will do more. I will do more. "I will die worthy of you and my God. "You educated me a catholic: I am a "prieſt, a ſervant of the Lord. It will "be a greater comfort to you, in your "gray hairs, to have your ſon a martyr "than an apoſtate."—The villains tear them aſſunder, and amidſt the cries and lamentations of the father, extend the ſon before him a bleeding corps.

PAGE 211.

In the ſame town, and on the ſame day, the ax was ſuſpended over the head of Mr. Teron, when the revolutioniſts bethought them that he had a ſon. This ſon was about ten years of age, and, in order to enjoy the fathers torments and the child's tears both at a time, he was brought to the place of execution. His tears and cries gave a reliſh to the ferocious banquet. After tiring themſelves with the ſpectacle, they put the father to death before the eyes of the child, whom they beſmeared with his blood.

PAGE 214.

After having ſpoken of the conduct of the magiſtrates and mob at Bourdeaux, the hiſtorian mentions the death of Mr. Langoiran and the Abbé Dupuis, thus:

At the entrance of the court-houſe, the Abbé Dupuis received a firſt wound; others ſoon levelled him to the ground. A young lad, of about fifteen or ſixteen, cut a hole in the cheek with a knife, to hold up the head by, while others were employed in haggling it from the body, which was ſtill in agonies. This operation not ſucceeding in ſuch a crowd, they took hold of the legs, and dragged the carcaſe about the ſtreets, and round the ramparts.

Mr. Langoiran had but juſt ſet his foot on the firſt ſtep of the ſtairs, when he was knocked down. His head was hacked off in an inſtant, and a ruffian held it up, crying aloud: "off with your hats! long live the "nation" The bareheaded populace anſwered: "long live the nation" The head was then carried round the town in ſignal of a triumph, gained by a tumultuous populace and ten thouſand ſoldiers under arms, over a poor defenceleſs prieſt.

PAGE 218.

The 14th of July, ſo famous in the annals of the Revolution, was this year celebrated at Limoges, by the death of Mr. Chabrol. He was a moſt uſeful member of ſociety; diſtinguiſhed round his neighbourhood as a bone-ſetter; he was at once the ſurgeon and the paſtor of his pariſhioners; and among his murderers were ſome of thoſe who owed to him the uſe of their limbs. He was of a quick and impetuous temper, and indued with uncommon bodily ſtrength. His death certainly was not that of a chriſtian martyr; but it deſerves particular notice, as a ſtriking proof of the cowardly ferocity of the French populace.

He had taken ſhelter at a magiſtrates, and begged leave to elude the mob by going out of the houſe the back way; but the magiſtrate durſt not comply. He was forced to face his blood-thirſty purſuers. The indignant prieſt met them at the door; the attack inſtantly began. Without a ſingle weapon of defence, he had to encounter hundreds of the mob, armed with clubs, guns, ſabres, and knives; but, notwithſtanding the amazing inequality, he held them a long time at bay. Some he felled to the ground, others ran from him; he tore a bayonet out of his

fleſh, and ſtabbing it into the breaſt of his adverſary, ſent him to die among the crowd. At laſt, weakened with the loſs of blood, he falls, and the baſe and mercileſs ſcoundrels cry: *to the lamp-poſt.* The idea of hanging reanimates the remaining drops in his veins. He riſes upon his legs for the laſt time; but numbers prevailed; again he falls, covered with wounds, and expires. His laſt groan is followed by the ferocious howl of *victory*; the daſtardly aſſaſſins ſet no bounds to their inſults; they cut and hacked his body to pieces, and wrangled for the property of his ragged and bloody caſſock.

PAGE 268.

As ſoon as the unfortunate Louis XVI. had been transfered from his throne to a loathſome priſon, the National Aſſembly formed a plan for the total extirpation of the prieſts, and with them the Chriſtian Religion. The miniſters of the altar were ſeized and thrown into priſon, or tranſported, from every part of the country. At Paris about three hundred of them were ſhut up, in order to be maſſacred, and were actually put to death during the firſt and ſecond weeks of September, 1792.

About one hundred and eighty of these unhappy men were confined in the convent of the Carmelites. A troop of aſſaſſins commenced the maſſacre in the garden, where the prieſts were permitted to take the air; but while they were proceeding, a commiſſary arrived, and informed them that the work was not to go on that way. There were now about a hundred left alive, who were all ordered into the ſanctuary of the church; but, to get thither, they had to paſs through a crowd of their murderers. One received a ball, another a blow, and another a ſtab: ſo that, when arrived in the ſanctuary they preſented a ſcene, the moſt heart-piercing that eyes ever beheld. Some were dragged in wounded, others quite dead. Even here, though ſurrounded by a detachment of ſoldiers, the blood-thirſty mob ruſhed in upon them, and murdered ſeveral at the very altar. The ſanctuary of a chriſtian church was, for the firſt time ſince the bleſſed Redeemer appeared among men, filled with a promiſcuous group of the living, the dying, and the dead. The marble pavement was covered with dirt and gore and mangled carcaſes, and the ſides of the altar ſplaſhed with blood and brains.

The ſoldiers had not been brought to ſave the lives of the prieſts: the commiſſary who headed them was to execute a plan of more deliberate murder. The ſurviving

prieſts were called out two at a time, and murdered in the preſence of the commiſſary, who took ther names down in a book, as he was anſwerable for their aſſaſſination. Of all that were found here, only four or five eſcaped.—The like undiſtinguiſhed carnage was exhibited at the other priſons.

Every one of theſe men might have ſaved his life by taking the proffered oath, yet not one of them condeſcended to do it. Let the infidel ſhow us, if he can, any thing like this in the annals of his impious ſect.

PAGE 318.

At the gate of the priſon of La Force, the aſſaſſins were placed in two rows: the two ruffians, called judges, who gave the ſignal of death, were placed at the gate; and as ſoon as the priſoner paſſed them, the aſſaſſins diſpatched him with their knives or ſabres, throwing the bodies in a heap at the end of the line. At the foot of this trophy of dead bodies, ſays the hiſtorian, we muſt now exhibit a ſcene of a different kind, in the murder of the princeſs of Lamballe. She had retired in ſafety to London; but her attachment to the royal family would not ſuffer her to remain in her aſſylum, while

they were exposed. Her fidelity was a crime that the infidelity of her enemies could never forgive.

When this illustrious victim was brought forth, she was asked to swear an eternal hatred to the king, the queen, and to royalty. "The oath," said she, "is foreign to "the sentiments of my heart, and I will "never take it."—She was instantly delivered over to the ministers of death. These ruffians pretend to caress her, stroke her cheeks with their hands yet reeking with human blood, and thus conduct her along the line. Amidst all these insults her courage never deserted her. When arrived at the heap of dead bodies, she was ordered to kneel, and ask pardon of the nation: "I have never injured the nation," she replied, "nor will I ask its pardon."—"Down," said they, "and ask pardon, if "you wish to live." "No," said she, "I "scorn to ask pardon from assassins that "call themselves the nation: I will never "bend my knee, or accept of a favour at "such hands."

Her soul was superior to fear. "Kneel and "ask pardon" was heard from a thousand voices, but in vain. Two of the assassins now seized her arms, and, pulling her from side to side, nearly dislocated her shoulders. "Go on, scoundrels," said the heroic prin-

ceſs, "I will aſk no pardon."—In a rage to ſee themſelves thus overcome by the conſtancy of a woman, they daſhed her down, and ruſhed in upon her with their knives and poignards. Her head ſoon appeared hoiſted upon a liberty pike, and her heart, after *being bit* by one of the ruffians, was put into a baſon. Both were carried in triumph through the ſtreets of Paris. At laſt, after having feaſted the eyes of the multitude, the bearers took them to the Temple, now become a priſon, where one of the two commiſſaries that guarded the king, called him to the window, that he might ſee it; but his companion, a little more humane prevented the unfortunate monarch from approaching. A fainting fit, from hearing of the event, fortunately ſaved the queen from the heart-rending ſight.

The body, ſtripped naked and the bowels hanging out, was expoſed to view on the top of the murdered victim, where it remained till the maſſacre was over.

PAGE 327.

A great fire was made in the Place-Dauphine, at which many, both men and women were roaſted. The Counteſs of Perig-

nan, with her three daughters were dragged thither. They were ſtripped, rubbed over with oil, and then put to the fire. The eldeſt of the daughters, who was fifteen, begged them to put an end to the torments, and a young fellow ſhot her through the head. The cannibals, who were ſhouting and dancing round the fire, enraged to ſee themſelves thus deprived of the pleaſure of hearing her cries, ſeized the too merciful murderer, and threw him into the flames.

When the Counteſs was dead, they brought ſix prieſts, and, cutting off ſome of the roaſted fleſh, preſented them each a piece to eat. They ſhut their eyes, and made no anſwer. The oldeſt of the prieſts was then ſtripped, and tied oppoſite the fire. The mob told the others, that perhaps they might prefer the reliſh of a prieſts' fleſh to that of a Counteſs; but they ſuddenly ruſhed into the flames. The barbarians tore them out to prolong their torments; not, however, before they were dead, and beyond the reach even of Pariſian cruelty.

PAGE 328.

On Monday, September 3, at ten o'clock in the evening, a man, or rather a monſter,

named Philip, living in the ſtreet of the Temple, came to the Jacobin Club, of which he was a member; and, with a box in his hand, mounted the tribune. Here he made a long ſpeech on patriotiſm, concluding by a declaration, that he looked upon every one who preferred the ties of blood and of nature to that of patriotic duty, as an ariſtocrat worthy of death; and, to convince them of the purity and ſincerity of his own principles, he opened the box, and held up, by the gray hair, the bloody and ſhrivelled heads of his father and mother, "which I have cut off," ſaid the impious wretch, "becauſe they obſtinately perſiſted "in not hearing maſs from a conſtitutional "prieſt*." The ſpeech of this parricide received the loudeſt applauſes; and the two heads were ordered to be buried beneath the buſts of Ankerſtorm and Brutus, behind the preſident's chair†."

* That is one of the apoſtates.

† According to Monſieur Peltier, in his picture of Paris, the number of perſons murdered in the different priſons of that city, from Sunday the 2d to Friday the 7th of September 1792, amounted to 1,005. To theſe, he ſays, ſhould be added the poor creatures who were put to death in the hoſpital of Bicetre, and in the yards of la Salpetriere; thoſe who were drowned at the hoſpital of la Force; and all thoſe who were dragged out of

The laſt fact related is of ſuch a horrid nature that, though ſo well authenticated, it would almoſt ſtagger our belief, had we not proof of ſo many others, which equal, if not ſurpaſs it. I ſhall here extract one from *La Conjuration de Maximilien Robeſpierre*, a work publiſhed at Paris in the year 1795.

The author, after ſpeaking of the unnatural ferociouſneſs which the revolution had produced in the hearts of the people, ſays (page 162) I will here give a proof, and a ſhocking one it is.—Garnier of Orleans had a ſon, who had been intended for the prieſthood, and had been initiated in the ſubdeaconſhip; conſeqently he was attached to the Chriſtian faith. His father one day ſeized him by the throat, and led him to the revolutionary tribunal, where he was inſtantly condemned; nor would the barbarous father quit his child till he ſaw his head ſevered from his body. After the execution was over, the tribunal, ever as capricious as bloody, feigned remorſe, and were proceeding to condemn the father; but the National Convention, informed of the affair, annulled the proceſs, and publicly

the dungeons of the Conciergerie and the Chatelet, to be butchered on the Pont-au-Change, which may be computed, without exaggeration, at 8,000 individuals.

applauded the conduct of the unnatural father, as an imitator of the republican Brutus.

In the extracts from the history of the French clergy, the proposed limits of this work has obliged me to forego the pleasure of mentioning a great number of facts, which reflect infinite honour on that calumniated and unfortunate body of men, as well as on the Christian religion. The following trait, however, I cannot prevail on myself to omit.

PAGE 341.

At Rheims lived a man, who, from the number of his years, might be called the dean of Christendom; and, from the fame of his virtues, the priest, by excellence. He had long been known by no other name than that of the holy priest. This was Mr. Pacquot, rector of St. John's. When the revolutionary assassins broke into his oratory, they found him on his knees. A true and faithful disciple of Jesus Christ, he yielded himself into the hands of his executioners without so much as a murmur, and suffered himself to be led before the fero-

cious magiſtrate, as a lamb to the ſlaughter. He croſſed the ſtreet ſinging the pſalms of David, while the ſanguinary ruffians that conducted him, endeavoured to drown his voice by their blaſphemies. At the threſhold of the town-hall an attempt was made to murder him, but the mayor interfered, ſaying to the people, "What are you about? "This old fellow is beneath notice. He is a "fool: fanaticiſm has turned his brain."—Theſe words rouſed the venerable old man. "No, Sir," ſays he, "I am neither a fool "nor a fanatic, nor ſhall my life take re-"fuge under ſuch an ignominious ſhelter. "I wiſh you to know, that I was never "more in my ſober ſenſes. Theſe men "have tendered me an oath, decreed by "the National Aſſembly. I am well ac-"quainted with the nature of this oath: I "know that it is impious, and ſubverſive of "religion. They leave me the choice of "the oath or death, and I chooſe the lat-"ter. I hope, Sir, I have convinced you, "that I am in my ſenſes, and know per-"fectly well what I am about."—The nettled magiſtrate immediately abandoned him to the mob. "Which of you," ſaid the old man, "is to have the patriotic ho-"nour of being my murderer?"—"I am," ſays a man who moved in a ſphere that ought to have diſtinguiſhed him from a

horde of ruffians. "Let me embrace you "then," ſays Mr. Pacquot; which he actually did, and prayed to God to forgive him. This done, the hard-hearted villain gave him the firſt blow, and his companions buried their bayonets in his emaciated breaſt.

The reader's heart, I hope, will teach him the love and veneration, that every chriſtian ought to feel for the memory of this evangelical old man.

If the death of all the murdered prieſts was not marked with ſuch unequivocal proofs of conſtancy and fidelity as that of Mr. Pacquot, it was, perhaps, becauſe a like opportunity did not always preſent itſelf. One thing we know; that, by taking an oath contrary to their faith, they might not only have eſcaped the knives of their aſſaſſins, but might have enjoyed an annual income. Their refuſing to do this is an incontrovertible teſtimony, that they were no impoſtors or hypocrites, but ſincere believers of the religion they taught, and that they valued that religion more than life itſelf; and, this is the beſt anſwer that can poſſibly be given to all the ſcandalous and atrocious calumnies that their enemies and the enemies of Chriſtianity have vomited forth againſt them.

CHAP. II.

FACTS *taken from La Relation des Cruautés, commiſes dans Les Lyonnois.*

THE next work that preſents itſelf, following the chronological order, is *La Relation des Cruautés, commiſes dans Les Lyonnois*, or, *The Relation of the Cruelties, committed in the Lyonnese.*

PAGE 37.

The grand ſcene of deſtruction and maſſacre was opened, in the once-flouriſhing and opulent city of Lyons, by a public profanation of all thoſe things, that had been looked upon as ſacred. The murderers in chief, choſen from among the members of the National Convention, were a play-actor and a man who, under the old government, had been a bum-bailiff. Their firſt ſtep was to brutify the minds of the populace; to extinguiſh the remaining ſparks of humanity and religion, by teaching them to ſet heaven and an hereafter at defiance; in order to

prepare them for the maſſacres, which they were commiſſioned to execute.

A mock proceſſion was formed, in imitation of thoſe obſerved by the catholic church. It was headed by a troop of men bearing in their hands the chalices and other vaſes which had been taken from the plundered churches, At the head of the proceſſion there was an Aſs, dreſſed in the veſtments of the prieſts that the revolutionary army had murdered in the neighbourhood of the city, with a mitre on his head. This beaſt, a beaſt of the ſame kind on which our Redeemer rode, now bore a load of crucifixes, and other ſymbols of the chriſtian religion; having the old and new teſtament tied to his tail. When this proceſſion came to the ſpot which had been fixed on for the purpoſe, the bible was burnt, and the Aſs given to drink out of the ſacramental cup, amidſts the ſhouts and rejoicing of the blaſphemous aſſiſtants.

Such a begining plainly foretold what was to follow. An undiſtinguiſhed butchery of all the rich immediately commenced. Hundreds of perſons, women as well as men, were taken out of the city at a time, tied to trees, ſhot to death, ſtabbed, or elſe knocked on the head. In the city the guillotine never ceaſed a moment; it was ſhifted three times; holes were dug at each place to re-

ceive the blood, and yet it ran in the gutters.

It were impossible to describe this scene of carnage, or to give an account of each act of the, till now, unheard-of barbarity: two or three, however, demand a particular mention.

Page 39.

Madame Lauras, hearing that her husband was condemned, went, accompanied with her ten children, and threw herself on her knees before the ferocious Collot D'herbois, one of the members of the Convention; but no mercy could be expected from a wretch whose business it was to kill. She followed her beloved husband to the place of execution, surrounded with her weeping offspring. On seeing him fall, her cries and the wildness of her looks but too plainly foretold her approaching end. She was seized with the pains of a premature childbirth, and was carried home to her house, where a commissary soon after arrived, drove her from her bed and her house, from the door of which she fell dead into the street.

PAGE 41.

Two women, who had perſiſted in aſking the life of their huſbands, were tied, during ſix hours, to the poſts of the guillotine. Their own huſbands were executed before their eyes, and their blood ſprinkled over them.

PAGE. 42.

Miſs Servan, a young lady of about eighteen, was put to death becauſe ſhe would not diſcover the retreat of her father.

PAGE 47.

Madam Cochet was condemned for having put the match to a cannon during the ſiege, and for having aſſiſted in her huſband's eſcape. She was declared by two ſurgeons, to be with child; but this was a reaſon of little weight with men whom we ſhall by-and-by ſee murdering infants, and even ripping them from the womb. She was inſtantly executed.

Page 101.

To theſe facts I ſhall add the death of Maupetit. He was made priſoner during the ſiege, buried alive up to his neck, and in this ſituation had his head maſhed to pieces with ſmall cannon balls, which his enemies toſſed at it with all the inſulting grimaces of ſavages.

Page 104.

At Lyons the prieſts met with the ſame treatment as at other places, and honoured their deaths with the ſame unſhaken fortitude. Twenty ſeven were executed at one time, not one of whom had condeſcended to accept of the ſhameful conditions that were offered, nor even to ſolicit a pardon from the vile and blaſphemous aſſaſſins.

During this murderous work the city of Lyons was ſtruck with terror. The members of the convention ſtuck up a proclamation, declaring all thoſe, who ſhould expreſs the leaſt ſymptoms of pity, *ſuſpected perſons*. When the blood had in ſome meaſure, ceа-

ſed to flow, and the affrighted inhabitants ventured out of their houſes, they were ſeen walking along the ſtreets with their eyes fixed on the ground: men no longer ſtopped, ſhook hands, and gave each other good morrow. The fear of death was ſtamped on every face: children durſt not aſk after their parents, nor parents aſk after their children.

The villages round about ſhared in the fate of the city. An apoſtate prieſt conducted a gang of ruffians, who carried fire and death before them among thoſe good people, whoſe only crime was giving ſhelter to perſons eſcaped from the maſſacre. The charitable hoſt and his affrighted gueſt were butchered together beneath the hoſpitable roof, while the wives and daughters were reſerved to ſatisfy the brutal appetites of the murderers.

In vain ſhould I attempt to give the reader an adequate idea of the crimes, committed, by the order of the Convention, in this part of France. The author of *La Conjuration de Robeſpierre* ſays (page 159) that in the ſpace of a few months, the number of perſons, who were murdered in the Lyonneſe and in the ſurrounding foreſts, amounted to two hundred thouſand.

I ſhall conclude this chapter with a fact or two taken from *La Conjuration de Robeſpierre.*

PAGE 210.

Though no torments could go beyond the merits of Robeſpierre and his colleagues, yet, even in the execution of theſe monſters, the Pariſians diſcovered ſuch traits of ferocioufneſs as fully proved, that theſe grovelling tyrants had done no more than what they themſelves would have done, had they been in their places.

Robeſpierre had been wounded in his head and face; his jaws were held together with bandages; and the executioner, before he placed his neck under the guillotine, ſuddenly tore off the bandages, letting his under jaw fall, while the blood ſtreamed down his breaſt. The poor deſerted wretch was kept ſome time in this frightful ſtate, while the air refounded with the acclamations of the barbarous populace.

PAGE 209.

Henriot had no other cloths on but a ſhirt and a waiſtcoat, covered with dirt and

blood. His hair was clotted, and his aſſaſſinating hands were now ſtained with his own gore. He had been wounded all over, one eye he kept ſhut, while the other was ſtarted from its ſocket, and held only by the fibres. This horrid ſpectacle, from which the imagination turns with diſguſt and affright, excited the joy, and even the mirth of the Pariſians. "Look at the "ſcoundrel," ſaid they, "juſt as he was "when he aſſiſted in murdering the prieſts." The people called on the carts to ſtop, and a group *of women* performed *a dance* round that in which the capital offenders rode.—When Henriot was ſtepping from the cart to the ſcaffold, one of the under-executioners, to divert the ſpectators, tore out the eye that was already looſe.—What a hard-hearted wretch muſt he be who could perform an action like this? and to what a degree of baſeneſs and ferocity muſt that people be arrived, who could thus be diverted?

PAGE 163.

We ſhall not be ſurprized that this thirſt for human blood, and delight in beholding the torments of the dying, were

become ſo prevalent, when we know, that *mock executions* was become *a ſport*. The women ſuſpended to the necks of their ſucking infants, corals, made in the ſhape of the guillotine; which the child, by the means of a ſpring, played as perfectly as the bloody executioner himſelf.

PAGE 161.

What could be expected from an education like this? What could be expected from children who were taught to uſe an inſtrument of ignominious death as a plaything; who were taught to laugh at the ſcreams of the dying, and who, in a manner, ſucked in blood with their mothers' milk? When aſſaſſinations became the ſports of children, it was no wonder that the ſentiments of nature were extinguiſhed, and that perfidy and inhumanity took place of gratitude, filial piety, and all the tender affections.

What I am now going to relate, the mothers of future generations will hear with affright.—A child of ten years of age had been ſcolded, perhaps whipped, by his mother. He ran to the revolutionary tribunal, and accuſed her of being ſtill attached

to the catholic religion. The accuſation was admitted, the boy recompenſed, and the mother executed in a few hours afterwards.

Tell us, ye mothers, for you only can know, what this poor creature muſt feel at ſeeing herſelf betrayed, and ready to be deprived of life, by the child ſhe had borne in her womb, who but the other day hung at her breaſt, and for whom alone, perhaps, ſhe wiſhed to live.

PAGE 162

In ſhort, ſays the author, men contracted ſuch a taſte as excites horror even to believe it poſſible. God forbid that I ſhould enter into particulars on this ſubject. The bowels of the reader would not permit him to proceed. Suffice it to ſay, that we have ſeen the time, when man was becoming the *food* of man. *Thoſe who practiſed anatomy* during the reign of terror, know but too well what I could ſay here, if compaſſion for the feelings of my readers did not prevent me.

I cannot quit theſe facts without once more refering the reader to the work, from

which I have ſelected them. I wiſh him not to depend on my veracity, for the truth of what he may find in a book written on the ſcene. *La Conjuration de Robeſpierre* is to be had almoſt any where: I have ſeen above a dozen copies of it in the hands of different perſons. It was, as I have already ſaid, publiſhed at Paris, and, therefore, we may reſt aſſured, that the author has not exaggerated; but, on the contrary, we ſee by the laſt article here quoted, that he was afraid to ſay all that truth would have warranted.

CHAP. III.

FACTS ſelected from the *Procés-Criminel des Membres du Comité Revolutionnaire de Nantes, et du ci-devant Repreſentant du peuple Carrier*; or, *Trial of the Members of the Revolutionary Committee at Nantz, and of the Repreſentative Carrier.*

THE work which we are now entering on was publiſhed at Paris during the laſt year; but, as an introduction to the facts

extracted from it, it will be neceſſary to give the reader a conciſe ſketch of the progreſs of the Revolution down to the epoch when the work was publiſhed.

The Sates-General, conſiſting of the three orders, the Nobility, the Clergy, and the Tiers-Etat, or commonalty, were aſſembled on the 4th of May, 1789. The deputies were all furniſhed with written inſtructions in which they were poſitively enjoined to make no innovations as to the form of government. Notwithſtanding this, it is well known, they framed a conſtitution by which the government was totally changed, the nobility aboliſhed, and the church rent from that of Rome. Their conſtitution, however, though eſtabliſhed at the expence of thouſands of lives, and though one of the moſt ridiculous ſyſtems of government that ever was invented, did not fail to meet with partizans; and we have heard it exotolled in this country as the maſter-piece of human wiſdom.

This firſt Aſſembly, which has been commonly called the Conſtituent Aſſembly, ended its benificent labours on the 30th of September, 1791, and was immediately ſucceeded by another, which took the name of the Legiſlative Aſſembly. Moſt men of ſenſe foreſaw that the ſecond Aſſembly would improve upon the plan of deſtruction marked

out by the firſt. The Clergy and many men of family and fortune had been already driven from their homes and poſſeſſions, it remained for the Legiſlative Aſſembly to finiſh the work by ſeizing on their property and expoſing it to ſale: this they failed not to do. Perſecution and maſſacre increaſed daily; but as the ſmall remains of power left in the hands of the king was ſtill an obſtacle, or rather as the monarchy itſelf was an obſtacle, they were determined to get rid of it. On the 10th of Auguſt, 1792, the king was dethroned (his fate is well known) and the daggers of the aſſaſſins were from that moment drawn, never more to be ſheathed, but in the heart of ſome innocent victim. We have already ſeen ſomething of the maſſacres which followed this event at Paris and other places; but even theſe are trifles to what was to follow.

On the 21ſt of September, 1792, the third Aſſembly, generally called the National Convention, opened their ſeſſions, and, though every individual member had repeatedly taken an oath to maintain the authority of the king, they at once declared France to be a republic.

After the murder of the king, this Convention declared war againſt a great part of the powers of Europe; and, in order to be in a ſituation to make head againſt their

enemies, ſeized on all the precious metals in the country, or rather they enacted ſuch laws as obliged the poor oppreſſed people to bring it to their treaſury, and receive in exchange a vile and worthleſs paper money. The churches were inſtantly pillaged, and no perſon dared appear with a watch, or any other article in gold or ſilver.

The violation of property was only a part of their plan. The hearts of the lower orders of the people were to be hardened; they were to be rendered brutal; all fear of an hearafter was to be rooted from their ſouls, before they could be fit inſtruments in the hands of this helliſh Aſſembly. With this object in view, they declared our bleſſed Lord and redeemer to be an Impoſtor, forbade the acknowledgement of him, and the exerciſe of his worſhip. The churches were turned into priſons, ſtables, &c. and over the gateways of the burial grounds were written: "This is the place of *eternal* "*ſleep.*" Never ſurely was there a better plan for transforming a civilized people into a hoard of cut-throats. It ſucceeded compleatly. The blood now flowed at Paris in an unceaſing ſtream. A permanent tribunal was eſtabliſhed, whoſe only buſineſs was to condemn, and certify to the Convention that the executions went on according to the liſts ſent from its committees.

Beſides legions of executioners there were others of aſſaſſins. The command of theſe latter was given to thoſe members of the Convention who were ſent into the different parts of the country. Terror preceded theſe harbingers of death, and their footſteps were marked with blood. The ſword, the fire, and the water, all became inſtruments of deſtruction.

During this murdering time, which has juſtly aſſumed the name of the *reign of terror*, the leaders of ſeveral factions of the revolutioniſts themſelves received their reward on a ſcaffold, and, among others, Robeſpierre and his accomplices. When theſe men fell, the Convention, according to its uſual cuſtom, aſcribed all the cruelties, committed during ſometime before their death, to them alone, and the people, always eager for blood, now demanded the heads of thoſe whom they had aſſiſted in the murder of their countrymen. By ſacrificing theſe its inſtruments, the Convention ſaw a fair opportunity of removing the infamy from itſelf, and of perpetuating its power. In conſequence, many of them were tried and executed, and among others Carrier (a member of the Convention) who had been ſtationed at Nantz, with the members of the revolutionary committee of that unfortunate town. From the trial of theſe

men it is that I have ſelected the facts which are to compoſe this chapter. The trial was before the tribunal at Paris, to which place the accuſed were carried from Nantz.

It has been repeatedly aſſerted, by thoſe who ſeem to have more attachment to the cauſe of the French than to that of truth, that the barbarities committed in that country, have been by the hands of foreigners. Such a ſtory is impoſſible, and even ridiculous; but however, it has induced me to inſert here a liſt of the barbarous wretches who were ſo long the ſcourge of the city of Nantz, from which it will appear, that they were all Frenchmen, born and bred. This is an act of juſtice due to other nations.

Member of the Convention on miſſion at Nantz.

Carrier, *born at Nantz.*

Members of the Revolutionary Committee at Nantz.

Goullin
Chaux
Grand-Maiſon
Bachelier
Perrochaux
Mainguet
Naud
Gallen
Duraſſier

} *born at Nantz.*

Leveque, *born at Mayenne.*
Bolognie, *born at Paris.*
Bataillé, *born at Charité-ſur-Loire.*
Joly, *born at Angerville-la-Martel.*
Pinard, *born at Chriſtople-Dubois.*

Carrier was the great mover, the aſſaſſin-general; the committee were his agents. Some of them were always aſſembled in their hall, to give directions to the under-murderers, while the others took repoſe, or were diſpatched on important expeditions, ſuch as the ſhooting or drowning of hundreds at a time. They ſtood in need, however, of ſubaltern cut-throats, more determined and bloody than the people in general; and therefore they raiſed a company, who took the title of the company of Marat, compoſed of the vileſt wretches that were to be found. Theſe being aſſembled together took the following oath before their employers.

VOL. IV, PAGE 203.

I ſwear, to purſue unto death, all *royaliſts*, *fanatics* (chriſtians*) *gentlemen* (the french

* *Fanatic* is the name now given to all who remain attached to the Chriſtian Religion.

word is *muſcadin*, which means a *gentleman*, or *well-dreſſed man*) and *moderates* (moderate people) under whatever colour, maſk, or form, they may appear.

I ſwear, to ſpare neither *parents* nor *relations*; to ſacrifice my perſonal intereſts, and even friendſhip itſelf; and to acknowledge for parents, brothers and friends, nobody but the patriots, the ardent defenders of the republic.

Pity with me, reader, the poor unhappy people that were to become the prey of a ſet of blood-hounds like theſe. Pity the aged parents and the helpleſs babes, that were to bleed beneath their mercileſs ſabres. If you are not endowed with uncommon fortitude, I could almoſt adviſe you to advance no further: fifty times has the pen dropped from my trembling hand: Oh! how I pity the hiſtorian that is to hand theſe bloody deeds down to our ſhuddering and indignant poſterity!

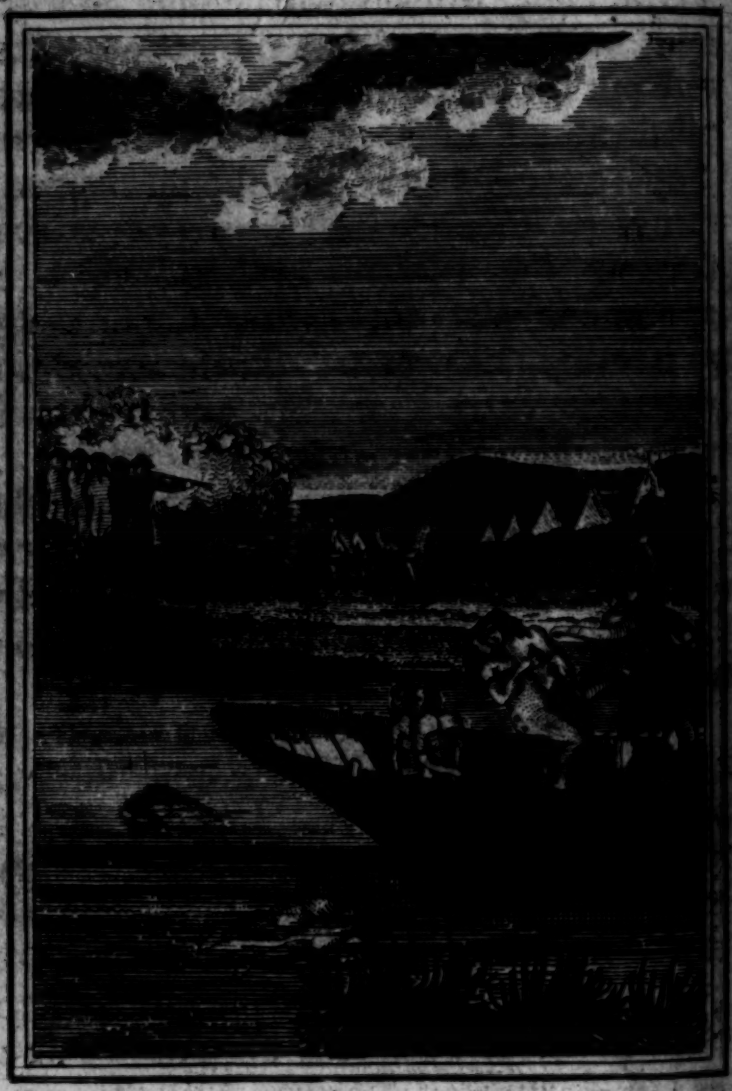
VOL. I. PAGE. 66.

Tronjolly, a witneſs, informs the tribunal, that the Company of Marat was at firſt compoſed of ſixty perſons; that Goullin openly propoſed that none but the moſt infamous villains ſhould be admitted into it; and, at each nomination, cried out, "Is "there no greater ſcoundrel to be found?"

On the 24th of October, ſays the witneſs, I heard Goullin and his colleagues ſay, that they were going to give a great example; that the priſoners ſhould be all ſhot. I atteſt that this ſcene was ſtill more horrible than that of the 22d and 23d of September. The Company of Marat were carouſing round a table, and at the ſame time it was deliberated whether the priſoners ſhould not be maſſacred by hundreds. In this deliberation, Goullin was for indiſcriminate death: and thus were the priſoners, without ever being interrogated, or heard, condemned to die. There exiſted no proofs of guilt againſt theſe unfortunate priſoners; they were what were called *ſuſpected perſons*; the felons, and all *real* criminals were ſet at liberty.

Carrier, in quality of member of the Convention, had placed a vile wretch at Pain-bœuf, name Foucault, to whom he gave an abſolute power of life and death.

BRITISH
8 OC63
MUSEUM



Shooting of men. women. and children.
Drowning men and women tied naked
together: called republican marriages.

VOL. I. PAGE 68.

Old men, women with child, and children, were drowned, no diſtinction. They were put on board of lighters, which were railed round to keep the priſoners from jumping overboard if they ſhould happen to diſengage themſelves. There were plugs made in the bottom, or ſides, which, being pulled out, the lighter ſunk, and all in it were drowned. Theſe expeditions were firſt carried on by night, but the ſun ſoon beheld the murderous work. At firſt the priſoners were drowned in their cloths; this, however, appeared too merciful; to expoſe the two ſexes naked before each other was a pleaſure that the ruffians could not forego.

I muſt now, ſays the witneſs, ſpeak of a new ſort of cruelty. The young men and women were picked out from among the maſs of ſufferers, ſtripped naked, and tied together, face to face. After being kept in this ſituation about an hour, they were put into an open lighter; and, after receiving ſeveral blows on the ſkull with the but of a muſket, thrown into the water. Theſe were called *republican marriages*.

VOL. I. PAGE 72.

On the 26th of October, Carrier, the member of the Convention, ordered me (the witneſs was a judge of ſome ſort) to guillotine indiſcriminately all the Vendeans who came to give themſelves up. I refuſed; but the repreſentative of the people promiſed that his prey ſhould not eſcape him thus. In ſhort, on the 29th, he had guillotined twenty ſeven Vendeans, among whom were children of thirteen, fourteen and fifteen, years of age, and ſeven young women, the oldeſt of which was not above twenty nine. On the ſame day twenty other perſons were executed without trial.

VOL. I. PAGE 76.

Carrier, the bloodieſt of the bloody, harrangued his agents ſword in hand; he ordered a woman to be ſhot at her window, merely becauſe ſhe looked at him; he choſe, from among the female priſoners thoſe whom he thought worthy of his foul embraces; and, after being ſatiated with their charms, ſent them to the guillotine.

Obſerve well, reader, that this was a *member of the National Convention*, a *repreſentative of the people*, a *law-giver*.

VOL. IV. PAGE 155.

I think it neceſſary to bring in here a depoſition or two from the third and fourth volumes of the trial, as they will ſhow at once the pretended and real motives of the member of the Convention and his committee.

Jomard, a witneſs, declares that, when the general was beat at Nantz, and the ſeizure of *ſuſpected perſons* began, nobody believed any thing of a conſpiration againſt the republic. As a clear proof of this, adds *Jomard*, Richard, one of the agents of the revolutionary committee, wrote to his friend Crelpin, telling him that he had left the company of Marat without arms; but that means were found out to arm the patriots and diſarm the *ſuſpected*. The general, adds Richard, is now beating; but do not frighten yourſelf; I will tell you the reaſon *of this at your return*.

VOL. III. PAGE 58.

Latour, a witneſs, ſays, I was ſick; Dulny, who was my doctor, informed me that Goudet, public accuſer, had let him into an important ſecret; which was, that Carrier and the revolutionary committee not knowing how to ſqueeze the rich, had fell upon a plan to impriſon them, while they ſeized on their effects. In order to have a pretext for doing this, ſaid Goudet, we ſhall give out, that there exiſts a conſpiration againſt the republic. I am to make the general beat early in the morning. The ſans-culottes*, informed beforehand, are to parade at their different poſts; the rich, and the timid, will, according to cuſtom, remain in their houſes; to theſe houſes the ſans-culottes are to repair, pillage all they have, and convey them to priſon.

Notwithſtanding my illneſs, I had no inclination to be found at home; I therefore begged the doctor to give me notice when the affair was to take place, which he promiſed to do. In three days after he in-

* This degrading term, which is become the glory of modern patriots, literally means, *men without breeches;* but it was ever uſed by the French to deſignate vile, raſcally people, the dregs of ſociety; and as ſuch we ought now to underſtand it.

formed me that the general would beat the next morning. In ſpite of my ſickneſs I went to my poſt. We were all the day under arms, and a great number of rich people were pillaged and impriſoned, ſome guillotined.

I atteſt, adds the witneſs, that there was not the leaſt appearance of any conſpiration. All was a dead calm; terror and conſternation alone reigned in the city. More than three thouſand victims to luſt and avarice were this day lodged in loathſome dungeons, from whence they were never to be releaſed but to be led to ſlaughter.

I ſhall now inſert an article or two that will give the reader an idea of the manner of proceeding of theſe ſans-culottes.

VOL. IV. PAGE 157.

One of the members of the revolutionary committee, with a company of armed ruffians, went to the houſe of one Careil. They firſt examined all the papers, took 5000 livres in paper money, and 12 louis d'ors. They returned again in the evening, ſays the witneſs, who it ſeems was miſtreſs of the houſe; we, at firſt took

them for common thieves, and *therefore our alarm was not so great*; but, to our sorrow, we were soon convinced by the voice of Pinard, that they were the patriots of the revolutionary committee. Our family was composed of women and one old man. There was myself; four sisters-in-law, formerly nuns; two old relations above eighty years of age, and my husband. The house and yard were stripped of every thing, and the ruffians were talking of setting fire to the buildings. One of my sisters had made shift to preserve 800 livres; she offered them these to save the house; they accept the conditions, receive the money, and then burn the house to the ground.

Our persons were now all that remained to be disposed of. There was a one-horse chair; but which was too good for any of us; it was fastened to the tail of a cart into which we were put (my husband, an old and infirm man being obliged to walk in the rear) and thus were dragged, preceded by our plundered property, to that gang of outthroats, called the revolutionary committee. Here our complaints were in a moment stifled. Pinard said, that his orders were to burn all, and kill all. The committee were astonished and offended at his clemency, and reprimanded him severely for not having murdered us according to his orders.

I, my ſiſters, and our poor old relations were ſent to one priſon, and my huſband to another. My huſband died, and we are only left alive to weep and ſtarve.

It is well worth the readers while to hear what this Pinard ſaid in his defence, on this head.

VOL. IV. PAGE 162.

We acted, ſays he, by the order of the Repreſentative of the People, Carrier. When I went, at my return, to carry him the church-plate that I had taken from the nuns, he would inſiſt upon my drinking out of the chalice (or ſacramental cup) and aſked me why I had not killed all the damned bitches.

I ſhall here obſerve, once for all, that theſe volumes contain a ſeries of robberies of this ſort. Sometimes the plunder was divided among the plunderers, ſometimes it was delivered to Carrier, and at others it was depoſited with the revolutionary committee. Theſe latter impoſed immenſe taxes, or rather contributions, on the peo-

ple, under pretence of aſſiſting the ſans-culiottes, but which were applied to their own uſes. It is juſt to obſerve alſo, that the tribunal at Paris, before which they were brought to anſwer for their crimes, appears to have ſhown much more anxiety about the gold and ſilver, than about the lives of the murdered perſons.

VOL. V. PAGE 15.

Mariotte, a witneſs, informs the tribunal that he was detached on a party to ſeven miles diſtant from Nantz. The party, ſays the witneſs, went into the neighbourhood of the foreſt of Rincé, and took up their quarters in a houſe occupied by Mrs. Chauvette. Five days after our arrival, came Pinard, about midnight, and told us that we were in the houſe of an ariſtocrat. He bragged of having that evening killed ſix women, and ſaid that Chauvette ſhould make the ſeventh. He threatened her, and, to add to her torment, told her to comfort herſelf, for that her child ſhould die firſt. It is Pinard, adds he, that now ſpeaks to you; Pinard, that carries on the war againſt the female ſex. I drew my ſword, continues the witneſs, and told Pinard that he ſhould

paſs over my dead body to come at the woman.

Commerais, who was another of this party, informs the tribunal, that Pinard being thus ſtopped, Aubinet one of his companions ſaid, ſtand aſide while I cut open the guts of that bitch. He did not ſucceed, however, adds this witneſs. Now Marieuil came up, and ſwore he would have her life; but finding us in his way, he ſaid, you look like a good b—ger enough; I have a word to ſay in your ear.—We only want, ſays he, to know where ſhe has hidden 60,000 livres belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood. I anſwered, give me your word not to hurt the woman nor her child, and I will bring her forth. He promiſed, and I brought them out. The woman, ſeeing ſhe was conducted to a ſort of cellar, cried out, I know I am brought here to be murdered, like the women whoſe throats were cut in this place yeſterday. All the favour I aſk, ſaid ſhe, is that you will kill me before you kill my child. She was now queſtioned about the money; but ſhe continued her proteſtations of knowing nothing of it. Pinard and Aubinet prepared again to aſſaſſinate her; but they did not ſucceed for this time.

VOL. V. PAGE 16.

The ſame witneſs relates another adventure. When we were going hence, ſays he, towards the foreſt of Rincé, we heard a man, in a little wood, crying for help. We found Pinard, and two other horſemen each having a piece of linen under his arm. We left them, and ſoon after ſaw two poor peaſants running away. In going along among the bruſhwood, ſays the witneſs, I heard ſomething ruſtle almoſt under my feet: I knocked the buſhes aſide with my muſket; what ſhould it be but two children. I gave one of them, who was ſeven years old, into the care of Cedré, and kept the other, of five years old, myſelf. They both cried bitterly. Their cries brought to us two women, their mothers, who were alſo hid among the buſhes; they threw themſelves upon their knees, and beſought us not to kill their children. In quitting the wood Pinard came up with us, he had ſeveral women, whom I ſaw him chop down, and murder with his ſabre. What, ſays he to me, are you going to do with thoſe two children? ſtand away, ſays he, till I blow out their brains. I oppoſed him, and while we were in diſpute, two volunteers brought an old man, ſtone-blind. This we now

found was the grandfather of the children. Pray, said the poor old man, take my life, and preserve my little darlings. I told him that we would take care of them; he wept and squeezed my hand. This unfortunate old man, adds the witness, was murdered as well as the women.

Pinard quitted the high road in returning, for no other purpose but that of murdering. He and his companions killed all they came at, men women and children of all ages. To justify his barbarity, he produced the decree that ordered him to spare neither sex nor age.

My reader will recollect, that the National Convention of France had abolished *negro-slavery*; and he will also recollect, that the *humanity* of this measure has been much applauded by those who have not penetration enough to see their motive in so doing.

We shall now see what advantage this liberty procured to the unfortunate country people round Nantz. This city, from its commercial relations with the West-India islands, always contained a number of blacks who came to wait on their masters, &c. As soon as the decree abolishing negro-slavery appeared, these people claimed their rights as citizens; and, having no em-

ployment, they were taken into the service of the republic, and placed under the orders of the revolutionary committee. A party of these citizens were sent to assist in the murders round the city, and we shall see that they were by no means wanting in obedience to their employers.

VOL. V. PAGE 90.

An officer, named Ormes came, says a witness, to ask our assistance in favour of five pretty women, whom the company of *Americans* (this was the word which had taken place of that of *negroes*, because the Convention had forbidden any one to call them *negroes*) had reserved for a purpose easily to be guessed at. A party marched off, and soon came to the house where the blacks had lodged the women. The poor creatures were crying and groaning; their shrieks were to be heard at half a mile. The party ordered the door to be opened, which was at last done. They then demanded the women, no, replied the blacks, they are now our *slaves*; we have earned them dear enough, and you shall tear them away limb by limb, if you have them. We told these men, that, *thanks to the salutary decrees of the Con-*

vention, the French empire contained *no slaves*. The brutality of the blacks would not permit them to liſten to the voice of reaſon; they prepared for the *defence of their prey*, when the party, always guided by *prudence*, *preferred retiring*, *to avoid ſlaughter*.

Two days after, continues the witneſs, the *Americans*, ſatiated with their captives, left them. One of theſe women, the handſomeſt in the eyes of the blacks, had been obliged to endure the approaches of more than a hundred of them. She was fallen into a kind of ſtupor, and was unable to walk or to ſtand. The whole five were ſhot ſoon after.

I do not know which is moſt entitled to our deteſtation here, the brutal negroes, or the puſillanimous, raſcally Frenchmen, who were the witneſſes of their horrid deeds. *Prudence* taught theſe poltroons to retire, when they ſaw five of their lovely countrywomen expoſed to the nauſeous embraces of a ſet of filthy mercileſs monſters! They ſaw them bathed in tears, heard their ſupplicating cries, were ſhocked at a ſight the very idea of which rouſes all the feelings of manhood; but *prudence* taught them to retire!—Savage villain! *prudence* never taught you to retire from the drownings and

shootings of poor defenceless innocent priests, and women and children! It was not till the blacks prepared to *defend their prey*, that *prudence* taught you to retire!

Some of the women, taken in the country, were suffered to die, or rather to be murdered, in a less shocking way.

VOL. V. PAGE 35.

Nantz, 5 Ventose, second year of the French Republic.

Citizen *Malé* is hereby ordered to conduct the forty women, under his *care*, to the top of the cliff Pierre-Moine, and there throw them head foremost into the sea.

(Signed) FOUCAULT.

We now come to the deposition of *George Thomas*, a health officer, who is one among the few, even of the witnesses, that appears to have preserved some remains of humanity. He tells such a tale of woe as I hope, and am persuaded, the reader's heart will with difficulty support.

VOL. II. PAGE 147.

The revolutionary hoſpital, ſays the witneſs, was totally unprovided with every neceſſary. The jail-fever made terrible ravages in all the houſes of detention; ſeventy five perſons, or thereabout, died daily in this hoſpital. There were nothing but rotten mattraſſes, on each of which more than fifty priſoners had breathed their laſt.

I went to Chaux, one of the committee, to aſk for relief for the unhappy wretches that remained here. We cannot do anything, ſaid Chaux; but, if you will, you may contribute to the cauſe of *humanity* by a way that I will point out to you. That raſcal Phillippes has 200,000 livers in his clutches which we cannot come at. Now, if you will accuſe him in form, and ſupport your accuſation by witneſſes that I will engage to furniſh you with, I will grant you, out of the ſum, all that you want for the revolutionary hoſpital. At the very mention of *humanity* from Chaux I was aſtounded: the latter part of his propoſal, however, brought me back to my man. I rejected it with the indignation that it merited.

I atteſt, that the revolutionary committee of Nantz ſeized and impriſoned almoſt all

thoſe who were eſteemed rich, men of talents, virtue and humanity.

I accuſe this committee of having ordered, to my knowledge, the ſhooting or drowning of betwéen four and five hundred children, the oldeſt of which were not more than fourteen years of age.

Minguet, one of the committee, had given me an order to chooſe two from among the children, whom I intended to ſave from death and bring up. I choſe one of eleven years old, and another fourteen. The next day I went to the priſon, called the *Entrepot*, with ſeveral of my friends, whom I had prevailed on to aſk for ſome of theſe children. When we came, we found the poor little creatures ſtood no longer in need of our interpoſition. They were all drowned. I atteſt, that I ſaw in this priſon, but the evening before, more than four hundred.

Having received an order from the military commiſſioners to go to the *Entrepot*, to certify as to the pregnancy of a great number of women, I found, in the entering this horrible ſlaughter-houſe, a great quantity of dead bodies, thrown here and there. I ſaw ſeveral infants, ſome yet palpitating, and others drowned in tubs of human excrement.—I hurried along through this ſcene of horror. My aſpect frightened the

women: they had been accuſtomed to ſee none but their butchers. I encouraged them; ſpoke to them the language of humanity. I found that thirty of them were with child; ſeveral of them ſeven or eight months. Some few days after I went again to ſee theſe unhappy creatures, whoſe ſituation rendered them objects of compaſſion and tenderneſs; but—(adds the witneſs with a faultering voice) ſhall I tell you, they had been moſt inhumanly murdered.

The further I advanced, continues the witneſs, the more was my heart appalled. There were eight hundred women and as many children confined in the *Entrepot* and in the *Mariliere*. There were neither beds, ſtraw, nor neceſſary veſſels. The priſoners were in want of every thing. Doctor Rollin and myſelf ſaw five children expire in leſs than four minutes. They received no kind of nouriſhment.—We aſked the women in the neighbourhood, if they could not lend them ſome aſſiſtance. What would you have us do? ſaid they, Grand-Maiſon arreſts every one that attempts to ſuccour them.

VOL. II. PAGE 156.

The ſame witneſs ſays, I accuſe the committee in general of the murder of ſeven

priſoners, whom, for want of time to examine them, they had hewn down with ſabres under the window of their hall.

The witneſs adds, Carrier and the committee, as well as their under-murderers, uſed to turn the drownings into jeſts: they called them *immerſions*, *national baptiſm*, *vertical tranſportations*, *bathings*, &c. I entered, ſays he, one day a public houſe oppoſite the Bouffay, where I ſaw a waterman, named *Perdreau*. He aſked me for a pinch of ſnuff: for, ſays the ruffian, I have richly earned it; I have juſt helped to diſpatch ſeven or eight hundred. How, ſays I, do you manage to make away with them ſo faſt. Nothing ſo eaſy, replied he; when I have a bathing match, I ſtrip them naked, two men with their bayonets puſh them tied two and two into my boat, whence they go ſouſe into the water, with a broken ſkull.

VOL. II. PAGE 151.

Vaujois, a witneſs, ſays; I wrote ten times to the adminiſtrators of the diſtrict, and went often to the revolutionary committee to requeſt, that ſomething ſhould be done for the poor children in priſon; but could

obtain nothing. At laſt I ventured to ſpeak to Carrier, who replied, in a paſſion; You are a counter-revoluționiſt: no pity: they are young vipers, that muſt be deſtroyed.—If I had acted of myſelf, ſays the witneſs, I ſhould have ſhared their fate.

One day in entering the *Entrepôt*, a citizen of Nantz ſaw a great heap of corpſes: they were all of children: many were ſtill palpitating and ſtruggling with death. The man looked at them for ſome time, ſaw a child move its arm, he ſeized it, ran home with it, and had the good luck to ſave it from death and its more terrible miniſters.

Here *Thomas* is again queſtioned, and he atteſts, that the revolutionary committee iſſued an order, commanding all thoſe who had taken children from the priſons, to carry them back again; and this, adds the witneſs, for the pure pleaſure of having them murdered.

VOL. IV. PAGE 245.

Coſſirant, a witneſs depoſes that it was propoſed to ſhoot ſome of the priſoners *en*

maſſe;* but that the propoſal was rejected. However, ſays he, as I was returning home one evening, I met Ramor, who told me that the ſhooting was at that moment going on. As I heard no noiſe I could not believe him; but I was not ſuffered to remain long in doubt. A fellow came up to me covered with blood: that is the way we knock them off, my boy, ſays he. Seven hundred had been ſhot that afternoon.

VOL. IV. PAGE 256.

Debourges, a witneſs, ſays: I have ſeen, during ſix days, nothing but drownings, guillotinings and ſhootings. Being once on guard, I commanded a detachment that conducted the fourth *maſſe* of women to be ſhot at Gigan. When I arrived, I found the dead bodies of Seventy five women already ſtretched on the ſpot. They were quite naked. I was informed that they were girls from fifteen to eighteen years of age. When they had the misfortune not to fall dead after the ſhot, they were diſpatched with ſabres.

* The French expreſſion is preſerved here. It is to be hoped that it will never be adopted in the language of any other country. Its meaning is, *in multitudes*.

VOL. II. PAGE 244.

Naud, one of the accuſed, ſays: I ſaw a red-headed general, named Hector, at the head of a detachment conducting priſoners to the meadow of the Mauves. Caſtrie and I followed him. When we came they were preparing to fire; but we made ſhift to ſave a few of the children.

VOL. I. PAGE 27.

Lahenette, a witneſs, informs the tribunal, that the revolutionary committee ordered to be ſtuck on all the walls of the city, a decree forbidding all fathers, mothers, huſbands, wives, children, relations, or friends, to *ſolicit* the pardon of any priſoner whatever.

I was alſo witneſs of the drowning of ninety prieſts, two of whom, who were decrepid old men, by ſome accident or other eſcaped; but were retaken and murdered. Indeed, adds this witneſs, I have been an eye witneſs of ſeveral drownings of men, women with child, girls, boys, infants, indiſcriminately. I have alſo ſeen of all theſe deſcriptions ſhot in the public ſquare, and

at other places. The national guard of the city was imployed during ſix weeks in filling up the ditches, into which the maſſacred perſons were thrown. I was doctor to one of the priſons, and was like to be diſplaced, becauſe I was too humane.

VOL. I. PAGE 60.

Carrier ſent for the preſident of the military commiſſion. It is you then, ſays he, Mr. ſon of a bitch, that has dared to give orders contrary to mine. Mind; if you have not *emptied* the *Entrepot* in two hours, I will have your head, and the heads of all the commiſſion.—It is not neceſſary to add, that he was obeyed.

VOL. I. PAGE 103.

Tronjolly, a witneſs, ſays, that Chaux expreſſed his diſapprobation of the law of the 14th of September. It is a great pity, ſaid he, it ever was made; without that, we would have reduced the inhabitants of Nantz to a handful.—Carrier was conſulted, adds this witneſs, with reſpect to receiving

money to ſave the lives of the rich; but the merciful Repreſentative of the people anſwered. No compoſitions: the guillotine; the guillotine; and take their money afterward.—Three women, too charming certainly, ſince they attracted the deſires of the ferocious Carrier, had the misfortune to be choſen for the tygers pleaſures. He firſt ſacrificed them to his brutal luſt, and then ſent them to augment the *maſſe* of a maſſacre.

VOL. II. PAGE. 175.

The widow *Dumey*, a witneſs, ſays, that ſhe is the widow of the late keeper of the *Entrepot;* that ſhe ſaw fifty prieſts brought there, and robbed of all their money and effects; and that they were afterwards drowned, with ſome women and little children. She adds, twenty four men and four women were taken out one day. A child of fourteen years was tied with others to be drowned, his cries for his papa were enough to pierce the heart of a tyger; Lambertye, tied him, however, and drowned him with the reſt.

Fouquet, the companion of Lambertye, ſaid on this occaſion, that he had already helped to diſpatch nine thouſand, and that if they would but let him alone for twenty four hours, he would ſweep all the priſons of Nantz.

VOL. II. PAGE 186.

Lacaille, keeper of another priſon, called the *Bouffay*, gives a circumſtantial account of one of the drownings.

The horrid night, ſays the witneſs, of the 23d of October, two ſoldiers of the Company of Marat came to the *Bouffay*, each with a bundle of cords. About nine o'clock they told me there were one hundred and fifty five priſoners, whom they were to transfer to Belle—Iſle, to work at a fortreſs. About an hour after arrived thirty or forty more of theſe ſoldiers. An order from the committee was produced for the delivery of one hundred and fifty five of my priſoners. I obſerved to them, that ſeveral of the priſoners on the liſt were now at liberty, or in the hoſpitals.

They now ſet down to table, and after having ſupped, and drank heartily, they brought out their cords, and diverted them-

ſelves a while in tying each other, as they intended to tie the priſoners. I then conducted them to the rooms where the priſoners were lodged. They inſtantly fall to work tying the poor trembling wretches two and two.

Grand-Maiſon now entered the court yard, and hollowed out to them to diſpatch. Goullin came ſtamping and ſwearing, becauſe the number on the liſt could not be compleated. There were ſo many ſick and dead that they could not well be made up. I ſent you fifteen this evening, ſays Goullin, what have you done with them? I told him they were up-ſtairs. Down with them, ſays he. I obeyed, and they were tied, like the reſt. Inſtead of one hundred and fifty five, Goullin at laſt conſented to take one hundred and twenty nine; but this number not being complete, the equitable and tender-hearted Goullin orders the remainder to be taken from the priſoners indiſtinctly; and when this was done he marches off at the head of the aſſaſſins to conduct them to the river, where they were all drowned.

VOL. II. PAGE 204.

The widow *Mallet*, who had firſt been robbed of her property, and then impriſon-

ed gives an account of the manner in which ſhe and her companions in captivity were treated.

I complained, ſays this poor woman, to Perrocheaux of a violent ſore throat. That is good, ſaid he, the guillotine will cure you of that.

One day Jolly aſked if I was not the widow Mallet, and giving me a look, that makes me tremble even now, aye, ſays he, ſhe ſhall drink out of the great cup.

In the houſe where we were confined, there were a great number of beautiful pictures. Some men were ſent one day by the committee to tear them to pieces, which they did, leaving only one which repreſented *death*, and jeering with ſavage irony, contemplate that image, ſaid they, to cheer your hearts.

We were in want of every neceſſary. Seven hundred of us were confined in this houſe, which, even as a priſon was too ſmall for two hundred. Forty were crammed into one little chamber. During ſix or ſeven months we had no infirmary, or rather each appartment was one. The ſick and dead were often extended on the floor among the living. How many have I ſeen ſtruggling in the pangs of death by my ſide.

Grand-Maiſon told me one day of an o'd quarrel: times are altered, ſays he, now, I have you under my clutches.

Duraſſier came one day drunk, and began to make out a liſt for excution. His oaths and imprecations made us tremble; I was on the fatal liſt, and I know not how I have eſcaped.

My old ſervant went to ſollicit for my removal, repreſenting me as dangerouſly ill. Perrocheaux ſaid to her: let her die, you ſilly bitch, and then we ſhall have her houſe, and you will fare better with us than with her.

VOL. II. PAGE 215.

Brejot, a witneſs, ſays: there were ſome women going to be ſhot; one of them had a child of eleven months old at her breaſt, which the aſſaſſins would have ſhot with its mother, had not a ſoldier ſnatched it from her arms. The babe was carried by a woman to Gourlay, a ſurgeon, who had the compaſſion to take care of it.

VOL. II. PAGE 217.

Fournies, a witneſs, ſays, that there were at one time, to his knowledge ninety ſix prieſts drowned in the Loire. Adds he, four of them got on board a Dutch ſloop lying in the river; but were retaken and drowned the nex day. Foucault, in boaſting of the ſecond drowning of theſe prieſts, ſhowed, in a company, where I was, a pair of ſhoes he then wore, which he had taken from the feet of one of them.

VOL. II. PAGE 220.

Jane Lallies, a young woman, confined on the general accuſation of being an ariſtocrat, informs the tribunal, that ſhe was made cook in the priſon. One night, ſays ſhe, a number of the Company of Marat came to the priſon. One Girardeau conducted the troop. Come, my lads, ſays he, I muſt go and ſee my birds in the cage. Ducon, ſeeing ſome of the priſoners weep, what the devil do you howl for, ſays he, we want proviſions here, and we are going to ſend you off to get us ſome, that is all.

Creſpin, ſaid to me, in giving me ſeveral

blows with his naked ſword: march, bitch, light us along: we are maſters now: your turn will ſoon come, when there is no better game.

Come, come, my little ſinging birds, ſaid Jolly; out of your neſts, and make up your packets, and above all do not forget your pocket-books; that is the main point; no cheating the nation. Ducon ſaid a ſide to Duraſſier; are not they finely bit? Finding they did not prepare themſelves quick enough, he adds; come, come, time to dreſs them, time to ſhoot them, time to knock their brains out—I think that is plenty of time for them.

Duraſſier kept bawling out, quick, b—gers, march. To a ſick man, who walked with a ſtick, he ſaid: you want no ſtick; march like the reſt, b—gers; you ſhall ſoon have a ſtick, with the devil to you.

Ducon, as he went away, ſaid to the keeper, good-bye for this time; we ſhall come again ſoon to eaſe you of the reſt: I think we have a pretty ſmart haul for once.—Theſe poor ſouls were all drowned.

VOL. II. PAGE 222.

Mrs. Pichot, living by the water ſide at Nantz, ſays, that ſhe ſaw the carpenters

buſy conſtructing the lighters for drowning the priſoners; and ſoon after, ſays the witneſs, I ſaw, brought to be drowned at the Crepuſcule, a great number of women, many of whom had ſucking children in their arms. They ſcreamed and cried moſt piteouſly. Oh! ſaid they, muſt we be put to death without being heard!

Several poor women of the neighbourhood ran and took a child a piece, and ſome two, from them. Upon this the poor creatures ſhrieked and tore their hair worſe than before.—Oh! my dear, my love, my darling babe! am I never to ſee your dear face again! Heavens protect my poor dear little love!—Such heart-piercing cries were ſurely never before heard! yet theſe could not ſoften the hell-hounds that conducted them.

Many of theſe women were far advanced with child. All were taken into the boats; a part were immediately diſpatched, and the reſt put on board the Dutch ſloop, till the next day.

When the next day arrived, ſays the witneſs, though we were all terror-ſtruck, many had the courage to aſk for a child a piece of thoſe that were left alive; but the hard hearted villain, Fouquet, refuſed, pretending his orders were changed, and all that remained on board the ſloop were drowned.

VOL. II. PAGE 223.

The ſame witneſs ſays: One day I ſaw ſeveral priſoners, brought from the *Entrepot*, depoſited in a lighter with a neck. They were faſtened under hatches, where they were left for forty eight hours. When the hatches were opened, they were ſixty of them ſtiffled. Other priſoners that were now on board were obliged to take out the bodies. Robin ſtood on the deck with his drawn ſword in his hand, and ſuperintended the work. This done, all the priſoners on board were ſtripped naked, men, women and children of all ages from fourſcore to five; their hands were tied behind them, and they were thrown into the river.

Here the judge, if we ought to call a ſans-culotte ruffian a judge, aſked the witneſs if this drowning was performed by day, or by night. By open day, anſwers the witneſs. She adds, I obſerved that the drowners became very familiar with the prettieſt of the women; and ſome few of them were ſaved, if it can be called ſaving, to endure the more than infernal embraces of theſe monſters.

VOL. II. PAGE 227.

Delamarre informs the tribunal, that there was a heap formed of the bodies of the women, who had been ſhot, and that the ſoldiers, laughing, called this horrible ſpectacle the *mountain*, alluding to the mountain of the National Convention.

VOL. II. PAGE 231.

Foucault having ſaid one day to Bachelier, that he had two cargoes to diſpatch that night, Bachelier flings his arms round his neck, ſaying, you are a brave fellow, the beſt revolutioniſt I know among them all.

This ſame Foucault fired at his father with a piſtol; and was looked upon as the inventor of the plugged-lighters for drowning the priſoners.

Delaſſal, who appears to have been an officer of police, tells the tribunal, that one day, he had taken up a woman of bad fame, who lived with Lambertye, one of the chief drowners. He came to my houſe, ſays the witneſs, in a rage, abuſed my wife, and caſting a ferocious look at my childern: poor

little b—gers ſays he, I pity you; to morrow you will be fatherleſs.

VOL. II. PAGE 252.

Coron, one of the company of Marat, informs the tribunal, that he had ſeven thouſand five hundred perſons ſhot at the Gigan, and four thouſand he had aſſiſted to drown.

VOL. II. PAGE 254.

Sophy Bretonville, a witneſs, atteſts, that Perrocheaux came ſeveral times to her fathers, under pretence of ſpeaking to her mother about the releaſe of her huſband; but that his real buſineſs was to make indecent offers to herſelf. In ſhort, ſays the witneſs, he made me an offer to releaſe my father, if I would ſatisfy his luſtful deſires; but, as I refuſed, very well, ſaid he at laſt, I ſhall go and do his buſineſs for him in an inſtant.

Vol. II. Page 258.

A houſe was wanted for ſome purpoſe by the committee. Chaux was told that there was one in the neighbourhood; but that it was occupied by the owner. A pretty ſtory, ſays he; in with the b—ger into priſon, and he will be glad to purchaſe his life at the expenee of his houſe.

When the horrible ſituation of the priſoners was repreſented to the committee, Goullin and Chaux replied: ſo much the better; let them die; it will be ſo much clear gains to the nation.

Vol. II. Page 284.

Jane Lavigne informs the tribunal, that, one night, Carrier came with Philippe to ſup at her houſe. They were talking, ſays the witneſs, of the meaſures to be purſued. You are a parcel of whining b—gers of judges, ſaid Carrier: you want proofs to guillotine a man; into the river with the b—gers, ſays the Repreſentative of the people, into the river with them; that is the ſhorteſt way.

VOL. III. PAGE 12.

Mary Herau informs the tribunal, that ſhe got admittance one day into a priſon where there were a great many women confined, ſeveral hundreds. I ſaw one amongſt them, adds the witneſs, that was taken in labour; ſhe was, however, ſtanding up. Such an object I never ſaw; ſhe was crawling with vermin; her lips were blue; death had already ſeized her.—To bear the ſmell, in this infected abode, I was obliged to have the ſmelling-bottle continually at my noſe.

In conſequence of the permiſſion granted me to chooſe a child out of this priſon, I went to a room where there were three hundred, or there abouts, all of whom appeared dying or dead. I ſtopped at the door (for the ſtink was ſuch that I durſt advance no further) and called the children to me. Some of the little innocents raiſed their hands, and others their heads; but only ſix were able to get to me. I took one of them, and was alſo allowed to take a poor woman, whoſe ſituation and piteous moans moved me to the ſoul. I gave them an aſylum at my houſe, till the iſſuing of the inhuman decree, which obliged me to return them into the clutches of the tygers. When this decree came out,

I applied to the wife of Gallon, one of the committee, begging her to intercede with her husband for the preservation of the woman and child I had taken: I will do no such thing, said she; and, if you will be advised by a friend, you will not trouble your head about them.—They were reimprisoned, and I never heard of them more.

VOL. III. PAGE. 14.

Mrs. Laillet informs the tribunal, that six young ladies, of the name of Lameterye, were sent to the Bouffay. Carrier, says she, sent an order to put them instantly to death. The keeper of the prison commissioned me to communicate to them the fatal tidings. I called them into a room apart, and told them that the Representative of the people had ordered their execution.

The youngest of them gave me this ring (here she showed the ring) they threw themselves on their knees, and called on the name of Jesus Christ. From this posture the ruffians roused to conduct them to the place of death. They were executed, without ever being tried. While they were dispatching, twenty seven men awaited the fatal stroke at the foot of the Guillotine.

It is ſaid, to the *honour* of the executioner, that his remorſe for having executed theſe young ladies was ſo great, that he died in a few days afterwards.

I atteſt, adds this witneſs, that I have ſeen numbers of naked bodies of women, lying by the ſide of the Loire, thrown up by the tide. I have ſeen heaps of human bodies, gnawed, and partly devoured by the dogs and birds of prey; which latter were continually hovering over the city, and particulary near the water ſide. I have ſeen numbers of carcaſſes in the bottoms of the lighters, partly covered with water.

VOL. III. PAGE 23.

Renaudot informs the tribunal, that he ſaw a number of men conducted to the meadow, called the Mauves, and ſhot. Some of them who were not killed by the fuſils, ſays the witneſs, were diſpatched with the ſabre. A cannoneer, named Jacob, came up to me, and ſaid that it was he who had finiſhed thoſe who eſcaped the balls. Their necks, ſays this butcher, were juſt the thing to try my new ſabre.

VOL. III. PAGE 24.

I accuſe, ſays the ſame witneſs, the committee of the murder of three nuns, with my children's maid. They were conducted by Jolly to the committee to take the oath of apoſtacy. Shoot no more, drown no more, ſaid the nuns, and we will even take this horrid oath. This amounted to a refuſal, and the conſequence is too well known.

VOL. III. PAGE 25.

Captain Leroux atteſts, that the murder of the ninety prieſts was a moſt wanton act of cruelty, contrary to the profeſſions of the committee itſelf; for that they were *only* to be ſent, it was ſaid, into perpetual exile. He ſays he was ordered before the committee, and threatened with impriſonment for having permitted two of them to get on board his veſſel.

Captain Boulet, one day, in weighing his anchor, ſaw four or five hundred dead bodies raiſed up by the cables; and adds, that there were one hundred and thirty women

confined at Mirabeau, who diſappeared all at once.

Vol. III. Page 27.

Foucault, one of the accuſed, being aſked by the judge, what was become of the pillage of the prieſts (for, as I have already obſerved, this ſeemed to be the chief object of the trial) Foucault replied, that, having conſulted Carrier on the ſubject, he anſwered, b—ger! who ſhould have it but thoſe that did the work?—Foucault declares, that the effects of the prieſts were lodged on board the covered lighter, whence the prieſts had been precipitated into the water; and on board of which Lambertye, the chief in this expedition, gave a great dinner the next day, coſting forty thouſand livres. From other witneſſes, it appears that Carrier aſſiſted at this repaſt, and that he even propoſed dining on the ſcaffold of the guillotine.

The following traits are well calculated to ſhow, what ſort of treatment a people muſt ever expect from the hands of baſe-born

villains, when they are ſuffered to ſeize the reigns of power.

VOL. III. PAGE 11.

I had a ſon and daughter, ſays a witneſs, named *Puſterle*; Goullin had propoſed a marriage between his ſon, and my daughter, and Goullin another between his daughter and my ſon. Neither had my conſent; and to avenge themſelves, when they were in the committee, they ſeized my wife and daughter, and all my moſt valuable property. The former were dragged to a loathſome priſon; the latter I have never ſince ſeen or heard of.

VOL. III. PAGE 17.

A friend of Goullin had, as he pretended, been brought to puniſhment by the family of the two young Toinettes. When they were brought before the committee, he told them of this. But, ſaid they, it could not be us. Goullin, like the wolf in the fable, cried out, if it was not you, it was your father. The two Toinettes were executed.

VOL. III PAGE 33.

My ſon-in-law, ſays a witneſs, named Vallé, had been confined for no other ſpecified crime than that of being a *well dreſſed man* (muſcadin). I went to Carrier and to the committee to ſolicit his releaſe, before the order was iſſued forbidding all ſolicitations. There ſeemed to be ſome hopes of ſucceeding; but Chaux oppoſed my requeſt, and he alone. It was he who had ordered him to be impriſoned, to be revenged on us, becauſe we refuſed to ſell him a quantity of ſtarch, that he had a mind to.

VOL. III. PAGE 38.

I was at a drowning, ſays *Tabouret*, on board a lighter conducted by Affilé. Come on, my lads, ſaid he, to the iſland of *Topſy-turvy*. Before we got out to the ſinking place, I heard the priſoners make the moſt terrible lamentations. Save us! oh! ſave us! cried they; there is yet time! oh! pray, pray, ſave us! Some of their hands were untied, and they ran them through the

railing, crying, mercy! mercy! It was then that I ſaw the villain, Grand-Maiſon, chop off their hands and arms with his ſabre. Ten minutes after, I heard the carpenters, placed in the little boats, hammering at the ſides of the lighter; and, directly, down it went to the bottom.

VOL. III. PAGE 40.

Trappe. When the fifty-five prieſts were drowned, I went to Carrier to aſk him what ſhould be done with their money, gold and ſilver ſnuff boxes, rings, &c. Leave them nothing, ſays he. Embark theſe b—gers, and let me hear no more of them, ſays the repreſentative of the people.

Theſe prieſts, ſays the witneſs, had a great number of valuable jewels, which were all delivered to Richard. Carrier, upon hearing that the expedition was over, ſeemed angry; blaſt it, ſays he, I intended to reſerve that job for Lambertye.

The widow *Dumey* corroborates the evidence of Trappe, and adds, after the prieſts were drowned, Lambertye came to me, and pointing his ſabre to my breaſt, bitch, ſays he, you ſhall give me an account of the ſpoils of thoſe prieſts.—I atteſt, ſays this

witneſs, that Lambertye and Fouquet were the favourites of the repreſentative of the people.

Vol. III. Page 43.

Naudiller. I was, one day, at Carrier's, with Lambertye and ſeveral others. Carrier, in pointing to the river, ſaid, we have already ducked two thouſand eight hundred of them there. One of the ſtrangers aſking what he meant.—Yes, ſays Carrier, two thouſand eight hundred, in the *national bath.*

I myſelf ſaw, ſays the witneſs, while I was at Nantz, which was not long, five hundred men and two hundred and fifty women, all tied, conducted to the Loire by Lambertye and Fouquet.

Vol. III. Page 50.

One time, ſays *Affilé*, (he was one of the drowners) Fouquet ordered me to go to Marie, to beſpeak the two lighters that were wanted for the night, and to engage ſome carpenters. This done, I went and got the

cords, and the ſtaples to faſten the priſoners at the bottom of the lighter.—About nine o'clock nearly five hundred were put on board.—Theſe were pillaged and ſtripped in the lighter, and Fouquet ſwore, if I did not obey his requiſitions (which were always made in the name *of the law*) he would drown me with the reſt.

Four little boats, continues Affilé, attended each lighter. When the plugs were pulled out the priſoners cried, mercy!—There were ſome on the half deck with their hands tied only, and theſe, when they ſaw the lighter ſinking, cried, let us jump into their boats and drown them with ourſelves. But all that attempted it were hacked down with ſabres.

When the expedition was compleated, we went to Thomas's hotel, were the effects of the priſoners had been carried; hence we went to Secher's, where we divided the ſpoil.

The priſoners on their trial, having denied here, that they had given orders for the drownings, ſeveral of their orders were produced, and read. It may not be amiſs to inſert two or three of them. They will give the reader a perfect idea of the murderer's ſtyle.

In the name of the Republic. The revolutionary committee authorise citizen Affilé jun. to require the number of carpenters that he may find neceſſary for the execution of the expedition he is charged with. This citizen is required to uſe all the diſpatch in his power, and to give *generous* wages to the workmen; provided they work with all the *zeal* and activity that the *public ſervice* requires.

(Signed) GOULLIN,
BACHELIER,
and others.

In the name of the Republic. The revolutionary committee authorize citizen Colas, to take as many lighters and ſmall boats, as he ſhall judge neceſſary, for the execution of the *buſineſs* that the committee has entruſted to his *zealous care.*

(Signed) NAUD,
BOLOGNIE,
GOULLIN,
and others.

In the name of the Republic. Citizen Affilé jun. is required to pay attention to, and ſee executed, the order given to citizen Colas; and all watermen and others are re-

quired to *aid* and *assist* in the *public service*, and to obey the requisition of citizen Assité, under pain of being declared *bad citizens* and *suspected persons*.

(Signed) GRAND-MAISON,
NAUD,
and others.

VOL. III. PAGE 63.

Bourdin, a witness, gives an account of several shootings. The last that I saw, adds he, was of eighty women. They were first shot, then stripped, and left exposed on the spot during three days.

I carried a young lad off from the *Entrepot*. He was thirteen years of age. When the revolutionary committee ordered all the children, thus preserved to be given up, Jolly, who said he was the judge of all the prisoners, permitted me to keep this boy; but my neighbour Aignes, who could not obtain a like favour, gave up a lad of fourteen years of age, agreeable to the order of the committee, and the next day we saw him shot.

When the shooting *en masse* first began the prisoners were suffered to retain their cloths till they were dead. As they were

conducted to the place of execution, and even after they arrived on the ſpot, the old-cloths dealers were ſeen bargaining with the ſoldiers for their cloths. The poor unfortunate creatures had the mortification to ſee their own towns-men and women buying the poor remains of their fortunes on their backs; and, the inſtant they fell, the monſters ruſhed in, tearing the new-acquired property from their bodies, yet ſtruggling in the pangs of death.—But, the revolutionary butchers found that this was but an unproductive ſale: the cloths being ſhot through ſunk their value; and this circumſtance determined them to ſtrip the priſoners naked before execution.

VOL. III. PAGE 66.

Lambert, another witneſs, informs the tribunal, that he has ſeen the banks of the Loire covered with dead bodies; among which were ſeveral of old men, little children of both ſexes, and an infinite number of women, all naked. One of the women, that I ſaw at one time, had an infant locked in her arms. She had been drowned at the

Crepuſcule the day before with about two hundred more.

Vol. III. Page 96.

A witneſs depoſes that ſhe ſaw Lebrun, one of the company of Marat, jump and dance upon the dead body of a child.

Vol. III. Page 99.

Lamarie. I was one morning at breakfaſt with Crucy, Leveque, and Perrocheaux, when the latter told me, they were juſt going to take a young girl out of priſon to put her in keeping for their own *uſe*.

I was one day, ſays the witneſs, at the committee to aſk the releaſe of ſome children, and I could not help being ſhocked at the jocular manner in which they proceeded and talked. Chaux ſaid to me here we are, you ſee, up to our eyes among the dead bodies and pretty girls.

The criminals being aſked what they had to ſay concerning their having iſſued certain

cruel decrees, anſwered that they were *fathers of families*, and that if they had diſobeyed Carrier, they feared he might not only deſtroy them, but their wives and children alſo.

Now then, let us ſee how theſe affectionate, tender-hearted fathers of families behaved towards the wives and children of others.

VOL. III. PAGE 67.

As they had denied having iſſued the cruel orders for impriſoning the children, the following decrees were produced.

The revolutionary orders the *benevolent* commiſſaries of the ſeventeenth ſection, as well as all others who have priſoners in their houſes of detention, to deliver to nobody, any child whatever; except it may be to the officers of the ſhips of the Republic, and even they are to take *none under* ſeventeen years af age.

(Signed) GOULLIN,
and others.

The citizen keeper of the *Entrepot* is ordered to give in a liſt of all thoſe, who, in

obedience to the order of the committee, have delivered up the children they had taken from the priſon.

(Signed) CHAUX,
and others.

Citizen Dumey is ordered to give in a liſt of all the perſons, with the ſtreets and numbers of the houſes where they live, who have taken away any of the priſoners. He will be particular in the dwelling of the woman, who, in ſpite of the decrees of the committee, has had the *infamy* to take away ſeven young girls of fifteen or ſixteen years of age.

(Signed) GRAND-MAISON,
and others.

When the blood-thirſty villains had thus collected all the unhappy priſoners together, they iſſued the following order.

In the name of the revolutionary committee of Nantz. The commandant of the troops is required to furniſh three hundred regulars. One half of this detachment will march to the Bouffay, and, taking the pri-

ſoners thence, will conduct them bound, two and two, to the priſon of the Eperonniére. The other diviſion will go to Saintes-Caires, and conduct the priſoners from thence to the Eperonniére. Then, all theſe priſoners, together with thoſe confined in the priſon of the Eperonniére, are to be taken and ſhot, *without diſtinction of age or ſex*, in the manner that the commanding officer of the detachment may judge moſt *convenient*.

(Signed) GRAND-MAISON,
GOULLIN,
MINGUET,
and others.

In this place, it may not be amiſs to let the reader hear what theſe monſters had to ſay in their defence.

VOL. III. PAGE 35.

Goullin. They keep telling us of our terrific meaſures; I maintain that we made nobody tremble but the *miſers*, the *rich*, the *horders of proviſions*, the *fanaticks*, and the

ariſtocrats; but as for the true ſans-culottes, they had nothing to fear.

Bachelier (Vol. III. Page 31) *All the rich* were *ſuſpected perſons*. We were obliged to ſtrike, not only them who *did*, but them who *could do* harm. However, very few patriots were ſacrificed; we aimed principally at the former nobility and clergy; at thoſe who horded up proviſions, and all ſuch as poſſeſſed great riches. The true and real ſans-culottes were ſpared.

Vol. III. Page 99.

One day, ſays a witneſs, I begged Bachelier to have mercy on the little children. I pleaded their innocence, and repreſented their infancy, and the injuſtice of puniſhing them for the faults of their parents. Bachelier anſwered coolly, if I did not know you, I ſhould take you for an ariſtocrat. You do not perceive then, that theſe children have ſucked ariſtocratic milk; that the blood that runs in their veins is impure, and incapable of being changed into republican blood? I compare them, added he, to an oil-barrel, which, in ſpite of all the waſhing and ſcrubbing you can give it, will for [illegible] retain its ſmell. It is juſt ſo with theſe

children. They will always retain an attachment to the kings and prieſts of their fathers.

VOL. III. PAGE 104.

Bachelier anſwers to this. With reſpect, ſays he, to the children of the ariſtocrats, I own that I ſaid, they were hard to be made good republicans; and that it was much to be feared, that the children of fanaticks would *one day* reſemble their parents. Renard, mayor of Nantz, who is known for a ſound patriot and a *humane man*, ſaid on this ſubject, that the *cats* eat the *young rats*, and that they were in the right of it; for it was the only way of deſtroying the breed. I am perſuaded, adds Bachelier, that no true republican will blame me for ſaying and thinking like Renard, who was a moſt excellent patriot.

There was, it ſeems, another reaſon for murdering the ariſtocrats; for when the propoſal was made for killing them *en maſſe*, Robin ſaid (VOL. III. PAGE 85) the patriots are *in want of bread;* it is juſt that thoſe ſcoundrels ſhould periſh, and not *eat up our victuals from us.*—Kermen oppoſed this; but Robin exclaimed, none of your *moderate*

propoſitions here. I ſay, they are a parcel of ariſtocrats that wiſh to overturn the republic, therefore let them die.

VOL. III. PAGE 106.

Creſpin, one of the company of Marat, informs the tribunal, that he was at a drowning on board a lighter, where the priſoners were faſtened down under boards, nailed from ſide to ſide. They uttered, ſays he, the moſt piteous cries. Some of them put their hands folded in a ſupplicating poſture, through the openings between the boards; and I ſaw the members of the committee chop off thoſe hands and fingers. One of them plunged his ſabre down in amongſt the priſoners, and we heard a man cry out, oh! the raſcal! he has ſtabbed me! —Our ears, adds the witneſs, were now ſtunned with the cry of, oh! you raſcally, brutal ſavages! this is the mercy, this the humanity of republicans!

One day, continues this witneſs, we ſaw Carrier in a coach at the foot of the guillotine, enjoying the ſpectacle, while about twenty perſons were beheaded.—Naud was with me, who went up to Carrier with me, and aſked him, if he did not want a Marat.

Yes, b—ger, ſays Carrier. I am your man then, ſaid Naud.

The new Marat was diſpatched to call the *judges* to the repreſentative of the people; and when Philippes ventured to tell him that, among thoſe whom he had ordered to the guillotine from the Bouffay, there were two children of fourteen years of age, and two others of thirteen, Carrier fell in a violent paſſion; damned b—gers, ſays he, in what country am I got? *All milk-hearted raſcals alike!*

The following traits will prove that a ferocious cruelty had taken poſſeſſion of the hearts of the young as well as the old.

VOL. III. PAGE 65.

Lalloue, ſays *Naud*, offered himſelf as an expreſs to fetch back the one hundred and thirty-two perſons that were ſent off to Paris. This he ſaid he would do for the pleaſure of ſeeing them drowned.

This Lalloue, continues the witneſs, was a *judge*, and the companion of the repreſentative of the people, although but *nineteen*

years of age.—He had been convicted of *theft*, and boaſted of being one of the murderers of the priſoners at Paris, in the month of September 1792.—Ah! ſays he one day to one of his companions on the bench, you ſhould have ſeen us at Paris in the month of September. There you would have learned how to knock them off.

VOL. III. PAGE 111.

Lecocq. I ſaw ſeveral men and women chopped down, on board a Dutch ſloop that lay in the river. I ſaw a young lad aſſiſting to drown the priſoners at the laſt drowning; particularly one whom he unmercifully ſeized by the leg, dragged to the ſide of the lighter, and kicked overboard.

VOL. III. PAGE 126

Laillet informs the tribunal, that ſhe ſaw a lad of about ſeventeen or eighteen years of age hew down two priſoners, and hack them with his ſabre at the priſon of the Bouffay. They were afterwards, adds the witneſs, dragged to the water-ſide.

VOL. III. PAGE 111.

Fontbonne informs the tribunal, that, at the requeſt of Delille, he went to the *Entrepot* to endeavour to ſave an innocent and amiable family of females, the youngeſt of which was about thirteen years of age. Delille went with me. When we came to the priſon, we were conducted to a horrid ſtinking hole under a ſtair-caſe. We aſked for a candle, and, after ſome time, we got into this ſort of dungeon. Here we found the mother and four daughters lying cloſe to each other upon ſome wet and filthy ſtraw; and round about them there were ſeveral dead women. The youngeſt daughter, whom alone we had obtained permiſſion to take was covered up in her mothers gown to keep her warm.—When we told the poor mother our errand; no, ſaid ſhe, my child ſhall ſtay and die with myſelf; we have lived, and we will die together.—We thought ourſelves juſtified, adds the witneſs, in uſing force. When the mother perceived our reſolution, ſhe uttered ſuch dreadful lamentations as are impoſſible to be deſcribed. My child! oh! my dear, darling child! were the laſt words her daughter ever heard from her. The child never recovered the

ſtroke; ſhe pined away about eight months, and then died.

Vol. III. Page 113.

The ſame witneſs ſays, I ſaw a great number of perſons conducted from the place of Equality, to be ſhot at the Mauves. There were women and children of all ages amongſt them. My heart could not ſupport this ſpectacle; I ran home, ſaddled my horſe, and rode to the place of execution. When I arrived the poor creatures were all on their knees, and the ſoldiers were preparing to fire. I ruſhed through them, and had the good fortune to ſave eight of the children, the oldeſt of which was twelve years of age; the reſt were ſhot with their fathers and mothers.

Vol. III. Page 114.

Laurency informs the tribunal, that he ſaw, at one time, three hundred men conducted to the water. They were all naked, and had their hands tied behind them. I ſaw too, adds the witneſs, ſeveral women and

girls murdered, on board a barge in the river, two of whom, aged about eighteen years, I ſaw a young lad behead with his ſabre, while he ſung the *carmagnole*.

VOL. III. PAGE 119.

Saudroc. At a great dinner, to which Lambertye, the chief murderer, invited Carrier, I was a witneſs of a moſt ſcandalous ſcene. After the repaſt was over, and while the glaſs went round, Lambertye entertained us with a long and full account of a drowning he had performed the night before, and boaſted of the manner in which he ſabred the poor wretches that attempted to eſcape. All the *convives*, adds the witneſs, honoured his valour with long and repeated burſts of applauſe.—Carrier toaſted the *national bath*.—This monſter talked of nothing but death and the guillotine.

Another witneſs ſays (VOL. III. PAGE 123.) I ſaw Carrier, with his drawn ſword in his hand, threatening to guillotine the firſt perſon, who ſhould dare to ſhow the leaſt pity for the priſoners that were conducted to execution.

And another (Vol. II.) ſays: Carrier came one day to look at the lighters that were conſtructing for the drownings, and turning to Foucault: charmingly commodious indeed! ſays he. Do you hear? added he, pay theſe lads well for their labour.

Vol. III. Page 126.

An old man appeared at the bar. I atteſt, ſays he, that I was ill-treated by the revolutionary committee, becauſe I requeſted the releaſe of a young girl who was entirely innocent. The committee told me that I had no buſineſs to meddle with any ſuch people. My nephew and my ſon-in-law were ſhot for no crime whatever; and, adds the old man, I had the grief to ſee my own children dragged from my houſe to the fatal lighters. One of them made an attempt to eſcape from the hands of his barbarous executioners, was caught and ſhot.

I dare ſay the reader is ready to weep for this poor diſtreſſed father; but let him reſerve his tears for more worthy objects. This old man was a murderer like the reſt,

and his own family had fallen into the pit he had dug for another. Yes, reader this gray headed, ferocious old tyger, who complains of the cruelties of others, ends his evidence by accuſing Carrier, even Carrier of having ſhown an act of mercy!—I accuſe him, ſays the hoary aſſaſſin (PAGE 26) of being *no patriot*, ſince he *did not execute* the wife of Templorie, whom I informed againſt as an emigrant.

VOL. IV. PAGE 148.

Juget, a judge at Nantz, reads, from the regiſter of his tribunal, an order of Carrier to ſend thirty ſix men, twenty women, and four children, to be ſhot, without being heard or tried. This was accordingly done.

VOL. IV. PAGE 148.

Poupon depoſes, that he was witneſs of a drowning, when the Company of Marat went and dragged ſick perſons from the hoſpital in order to make up a lighter full.—Some of theſe perſons, adds the wit-

neſs, could ſcarcely crawl along, and I ſaw theſe murderers beat them moſt cruelly with great ſticks, crying: along with you, b—gers! march! march! we will give you ſweet air enough now.—Others they dragged along by the hair of the head, till they got them on board the lighter.—All this time, ſays the witneſs, the conductors of the expedition kept hollowing out: come, come, my lads, be quick! along with the b—gers! the tide falls a pace: there is no time to be loſt.

VOL. IV. PAGE 151.

Seguinel, one of the Company of Marat, informs the tribunal, that Goullin and Chaux conducted ſome of the company, one day, to the houſe of Carrier. When we came, ſays this under-cut-throat, into the preſence of the Repreſentative of the people, our conductors told him we were good lads, citizens on whom he might rely. So much the better, ſays Carrier, adding, depend on it, my boys, if you do your duty like good b—gers, the Republic, which is never ungrateful, will pay you well.

While we were there, ſays the witneſs, Lambertye came, and went into another

room with Carrier. Goullin aſked Grand-Maiſon who that man was. He is a ſecond Marat, replied the latter; and is now, without doubt, receiving orders to communicate to us.

Marat.

The name of Marat has been ſo often mentioned, it may not be improper, or out of place, to give the reader here ſome account of that famous cut-throat.

Before the Revolution, he was an obſcure beggarly fellow, that was daily liable to be brought before the officer of police to give an account of the manner in which he got his bread. But, when this grand event took place; when murderers were wanted in every quarter of the country, he began to cut a figure on the ſcene. He publiſhed a gazette, in which he inculcated the neceſſity of lopping off the heads of thouſands at a time, and of watering, as he called it, the tree of liberty with the blood of the ariſtocrats, as the only means of rendering it fruitful.

Theſe, and ſuch like ſentiments, recommended him to the notice of his country-

men; he obtained their confidence, and was one of the *organizers* (to uſe a french term) of the maſſacres of the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1792, of which I have ſpoken in the firſt chapter of this work. On this occaſion he was an actor alſo, and is ſaid to have cut above fifty throats with his own hands.

It would have been ſomething unjuſt if a man like this had been forgotten, when the Convention was to aſſemble. He was not. The people of Paris, who had been eye-witneſſes of his merit, choſe him for one of their repreſentatives; and he was faithful in the execution of his truſt; for he never talked about any thing but of throats to cut, ſtabbing, and guillotining.

His career, however, was but ſhort. His own neck was not made of iron: a deſperate woman, who had adopted his principles, ruſhed into his apartment, and delivered the world of one of the greateſt monſters that ever diſhonoured it.

There was ſomething horrible in the look of this villain. He was very ſhort and thick, had a black beard aſcending nearly to the extreme corners of his eyes. This beard was uſually long, and his hair ſhort, ſticking up like briſtles. He had ever been dirty, and it may be imagined, that the faſhions of a revolution which has made it

a *crime* to be *well-dreſſed*, had not improved his appearance: in ſhort, he was at the very beſt, a moſt diſguſting mortal, and, therefore, when he came out of the priſon of La Force, all covered with filth and gore, wielding a piſtol in one hand and a dagger in the other, no wonder that even the ſanguinary mob ran back for fear.

Charlotte Cordée.

As I have entered on a digreſſion, I will continue it a little longer, to give the reader an account of the execution of Charlotte Cordée, the young woman that murdered Marat.

She was not what is commonly called an ariſtocrat; but a patriot of another faction than Marat. She was, as it is ſaid, employed by the party of Briſſot, who, from the accompliſhments of Marat, were affraid that he would totally engroſs the favour and affections of the people. Poor Charlotte received her reward on the ſcaffold; and a very juſt reward too; but there is ſomething ſo ſhocking in the behaviour of her executioner, that it ought not to be omitted in a collection of this kind.

She was a beautiful young woman; extremely fair; and, in any other country, would have brought tears of compaſſion from the ſpectators. The executioner, after having cut off her head, ſeized it by the fine long hair, and, holding it up by one hand, the brutal ruffian gave her a ſlap in the face with the other. "The bitch "bluſhes," cried he, "at any rate." This trait of hangman wit, excited the ſavage mirth of the populace.*

We muſt now return to Nantz, where we ſhall find the revolutionary committee employed in writing to their friends at Paris.

Before they began to drown and ſhoot by hundreds, they had ſeized on the perſons of one hundred and thirty two of the moſt oppulent men in the city, and ſent them off to Paris to be tried as *ſuſpected perſons*. It appears, from the whole courſe of the evidence on this head, that the detachment of patriots who conducted them, were, if any pretence could be found, to murder them all by the way. This, however, did not

*It is ſomething very remarkable that her face, ſevered from the body, ſhould bluſh; but it is a real fact, as appears from an eſſay lately republiſhed at Philadelphia, in Gatreau's gazette.

happen. The priſoners arrived ſafe at Paris, and the committee were obliged to have recourſe to other means, to prevent their return. The one that they adopted was to inſure their guillotining at Paris; and, for this purpoſe, they wrote to the revolutionary committee of the the ſection of Lepelletier.—Their letter is, and I hope it ever will be, a curioſity in this country. I ſhall give it a literal tranſlation, that the reader may be able to do juſtice to the memory of the writers,

VOL. IV. PAGE 179.

Nantz, this 5th of Pluvioſe.

Liberty, Equality, or Death.

Citizens,

The people of Nantz, whom we have ſent to Paris, are big villains, all marked with the ſeal of reprobation, and known for counter-revolutioniſts. We are collecting proofs againſt them, which we ſhall ſend, when the bundle is made up, to the revolutinary judges. In the mean time, we *denounce* to you, Julienne, who has *officiouſly* taken upon him the defence of theſe *uncivic* vermin.

VOL. IV. PAGE 280.

From the moment the revolutionary committee was installed, says *Benét*, the imprisonments began; and they augmented daily. They were all dictated by animosity, hatred, or avarice. To such a degree did terror prevail, that every man trembled for his life.

For my part, says the witness, my resolution was taken. I always went with two loaded pistols in my pockets: one for the villain that should offer to seize me, and the other for myself. Cruel expectation, for a man who had a small helpless family. But, I had seen six hundred men at one time plunged into the water, and had been a witness of shootings amounting to three thousand six hundred persons at the Gigan: after this what could any man hope for.

There is reason to believe, that Carrier meant to murder the whole city; for, before his journey to Paris, he told one of the women whom he kept, and *whose husband he had put to death*, that he would make Nantz remember the name of Carrier: do not fear, *my dear*, said he, all my friends shall follow me; but as for the city it shall be destroyed (PAGE 219).

I was, one day, adds the ſame witneſs, ſent by Bowin to ſee ſome bodies buried, that were left on the public ſquare. There were upwards of thirty women all naked, and expoſed with the moſt horrible indecency.

VOL. IV. PAGE 206.

Fontaine. I went one day to a priſon where a great many women and children were confined. My buſineſs was to deliver proviſions to theſe people; but I found neither fire, lights, nor any thing elſe. I called for a candle in order to enter this abode of horror. The priſoners were lying here and there on the bare boards, though it was extremely cold.

In a ſecond viſit that I made here, I found the poor unhappy creatures in a worſe ſituation than before. I ſaw a woman lying dead, and a ſucking child, at a little diſtance from her, wallowing about in the filth. Its little face was abſolutely covered with ordure. I gave the keeper ten livres to take care of this helpleſs infant, till I could find a nurſe; but when I came for it, it was gone; and Dumey told me, that

the Engliſh priſoners had taken the child, with a promiſe to do well by it.

It ſeems, from the evidence of ſeveral witneſſes, that, while theſe villains were butchering, or ſtiffling their own countrymen, they took care to treat foreign priſoners with ſome ſort of humanity. This diſtinction fully proves, that they acted by authority of the Convention. But we ſhall ſee this ſo inconteſtibly proved by-and-by, that the remark is hardly neceſſary here.

VOL. IV. PAGE 210.

I ſaw, ſays the ſame witneſs, a man, named Gorgo, come and aſk for a little boy, that he ſaid he had obtained permiſſion to take. The child was found behind a bundle of ſtuff, where he had run to hide upon hearing voices. Gorgo brought him to the door-way, and made him *dance and ſing*.

I have ſelected this laſt fact to ſhow to what a pitch of obduracy, of unfeeling indifference, theſe people were arrived. A thouſand volumes could not paint their familiarity with ſcenes of horror ſo well as this trifling circumſtance of making a child dance and ſing, at the entrance of a cavern of deſpair, a human ſlaughter houſe, where

perhaps his own parents were at that moment groaning their laſt.

VOL. IV. PAGE 210.

Chaux, one of the criminals, informs the tribunal, that he was diſpatched from Nantz to wait on Carrier, during his ſtay at Paris. He told me, ſays Chaux, that he did not like Philippes, and that we ſhould guillotine him, at my return.—I have communicated, ſays Carrier, all our proceedings to the National Convention.—You muſt not, adds he, try Lambertye; he is too precious a patriot. I intend to ſend for him here, and preſent him to the committee of *public preſervation (ſalut public)* who will not leave him unrecompenſed for his ſervices.

Jicquieau ſays (PAGE 273.) that Lambertye was the *chief murderer*.—This it was that made him a *precious patriot*, and a man worthy of reward from a committee of the National Convention.

This witneſs adds: when the committee of Nantz was firſt inſtalled, a deputation was ſent to Carrier, to let him know that no proofs could be made out againſt Jom-

ard. The repreſentative of the people, ſeeing the deputation enter, cried out, what are all theſe b—gers come here for? When he heard our buſineſs, to hell with you, ſays he, you fool. But, ſeeming to grow a little calm, he called me back into his room, and threatened to throw me out of the window. At laſt, ſays the witneſs, he told me there were other means beſides guillotining; you have only, ſays he, to ſend Jomard into the country, and have him diſpatched ſecretly.

Here we behold a member of the National Convention of France; one of thoſe *philoſophical* legiſlators, who call themſelves the *enlighteners* of the univerſe. This baſe, this cowardly cut-throat, this aſſaſſin-general, is one of thoſe men, whom we have been told, are to *regenerate* mankind, and to eſtabliſh a ſyſtem of univerſal *humanity!*

The following traits will depict the leaders in the French Revolution.

VOL. IV. PAGE. 273.

Robin, ſays a witneſs, was one of the accomplices of Carrier. This Robin, one

day, ſhowed his ſabre all ſtained with blood, ſaying at the ſame time, with this I chopped off ſixty of the heads of the ariſtocrats that we drowned laſt night.

VOL. IV. PAGE 209.

Fontaine informs the tribunal, that he was one night at the *Entrepot*. Here, ſays the witneſs I ſaw a little man (this afterwards appears to have been Fouquet) wearing pantaloons, and a liberty cap. It is I, ſaid the little monſter, who conduct all the drownings; it is I who give the word of command to pull up the plugs; nothing is done without my orders. If you will come along with me, continued he, I will ſhow you how to feed upon the fleſh of an ariſtocrat; I will regale you with the brains of thoſe raſcals.—I trembled, ſays the witneſs, and got away from this cannibal as ſoon as I could.

VOL. IV. PAGE 276.

Fontbonne informs the tribunal, that he was one day invited to a dinner, in a pleaſure garden belonging to Ducrois. Carrier

and O'Sullivan were of the party. The converſation turned on the bodily ſtrength of certain perſons, when O'Sullivan obſerved; "yes, there was my brother, who was deviliſh ſtrong, particularly in the neck, for the executioner was obliged to give him the ſecond ſtroke with the *national razor*, before he could get his head off."

The witneſs adds, O'Sullivan told us, that he was going to drown a man much ſtronger than himſelf; that the man reſiſted, but was knocked down; then, ſays O'Sullivon, I took my knife and ſtruck him, as butchers do the ſheep.

Guedon informs the tribunal (vol. IV. page 277) that he was at the ſame dinner, mentioned by Fontbonne. I was ſeated, ſays this witneſs, by the ſide of O'Sullivan; and, during the repaſt, he held up his knife to me, and ſaid, this is excellent to cut a man's throat with; adding, that it had already done him good ſervice in that way. He called on Robin as a witneſs of his bravery, and told us the manner in which he proceeded.—I had remarked, ſays O'Sullivan, that the butchers killed the ſheep by plunging their knife in underneath the ear; ſo, when I had a mind to kill a priſoner, I came up to him, and, clapping him on the ſhoulder in a jocular way, pointed to ſome object that he was obliged to turn his head

to ſee; the moment he did this, I had my knife through his neck.

This O'Suilivan, in his defence, ſays, that, as to his brother, he was an enemy of the Republic. When he ſaw, ſays this human butcher, that there was no hope for him, he came and threw himſelf into my arms; but, *like a good republican*, I gave him up to the guillotine.

VOL. II. PAGE 281.

A witneſs ſays, that Goullin beat his own father with a ſtick, when the old man was on his death-bed; and adds, that his father died in two hours after.

This ſame Goullin (VOL. II. PAGE 253) ſaid in the tribune of his club, take care not to admit among you moderate men, half patriots. Admit none but real revolutioniſts; none but patriots who have the courage to drink a glaſs of human blood, warm from the veins.

Goullin, ſo far from denying this, ſays before the tribunal (PAGE 254) that he glories in thinking like Marat, who would willingly have quenched his thirſt with the blood of the ariſtocrats.

I ſhall conclude this chapter, this frightful tragedy exhibited at Nantz, with the relation of a few traits of diabolical cruelty, which not only ſurpaſs all that the imagination has hitherto been able to conceive, but even all that has been related in this volume. I have claſſed theſe facts together, that the indignant reader may tear out the leaf, and commit it to the flames.

Yes (ſays the author of *La Conjuration*, page 160) yes; we have ſeen a repreſentative of the people, a member of the National Convention, tie four children, the eldeſt of which was but ſixteen years of age, to the four poſts of the guillotine, while the blood of their father and mother ſtreamed on the ſcaffold, and even dropped on their heads.

VOL. V. PAGE 36.

Lailet depoſes, that Deron came to the popular ſociety with a man's ear, pinned to the national cockade, which he wore in his cap. He went about, ſays the witneſs, with a pocket full of theſe ears, which he made the female priſoners kiſs. If I were not afraid, adds the witneſs, of for ever blackening the page of our hiſtory, I would

here relate a fact, that calls down tenfold vengeance on the head of this monſter.

The witneſs is ordered to proceed.

This ſame Deron, adds the witneſs, carried about him a handful of private parts, which he had cut from the men whom he had murdered; and theſe he ſhowed to the women, whenever an occaſion offered.

This laſt trait, abominable as it is, might have been mentioned *in a Paris tribunal*, without that ceremony which the witneſs made uſe of; for even the *women of Paris* had ſet Deron the example. Their knives had been exerciſed on the dead bodies of the Swiſſes, who were killed at the king's caſtle on the 10th of Auguſt, 1792. On that very 10th of Auguſt which has ſo often been celebrated on this continent.

VOL. II. PAGE 267.

Many of the generals in La Vendee, ſays Forget, made it their glory to imitate the horrid butchers at Nantz. They committed unheard of cruelties and indecencies. General Duqueſnoy murdered ſeveral infants at the breaſt, and afterwards attempted to lie with the mothers; but not being able

to ſucceed, he had the operation performed another way. This he called *electrifying*.

This is the infernal monſter that ſtiled himſelf the butcher of the Convention, and that ſaid, nothing hurt him ſo much as not being able to ſerve them in the capacity of executioner.

VOL. II. PAGE 122.

I ſaw, ſays *Girault*, about three or four hundred perſons drowned. There were women of all ages amongſt them; ſome were big with child, and of theſe ſeveral were delivered in the very lighters, among water and mud. This moſt ſhocking circumſtance, their groans, their heart-piercing ſhrieks, excited no compaſſion. They with the fruit of their conjugal love, went to bottom together.

VOL. II. PAGE 153.

Coron. A woman going to be drowned, was taken in child-birth; ſhe was in the act of delivery, when the horrid villains tore the child from her body, ſtuck it on the point

405 Prisoners, Men, Women, and Children Going to be Drowned; *a Soldier at the head, carrying on his Bayonet a Child torn from its mother's Womb.*

BRITISH
8 0063
MUSEUM

of a bayonet, and thus carried it to the river.

A fourth of theſe our repreſentatives (ſays the author of *La Conjuration*, PAGE 160) a fourth (great God! my heart dies within me) a fourth, ripped open the wombs of the mothers; tore out the palpitating embryo, to deck the point of a pike of liberty and equality!

The reader's curioſity may, perhaps, lead him to wiſh to know the whole number of perſons put to death at Nantz; but, in this, it would be difficult to gratify him. I have been able to obtain but *five volumes* of the trial, which make only a part of that work; probably the laſt volume may contain an exact account as to numbers. The deaths muſt, however, have been immenſe, ſince a witneſs depoſes (VOL. III. PAGE 55) to the drowning of *nine thouſand* perſons; and another witneſs (VOL. II. PAGE 253) atteſts, that *ſeven thouſand five hundred* were ſhot *en maſſe*.

The number of bodies thrown into the river Loire, which is half the width of the Delaware at Philadelphia, was ſo conſiderable, that the municipal officers found it ne-

ceſſary to iſſue a proclamation (VOL. V. PAGE 70) *forbidding the uſe of its waters.*

It has been generally computed that the number of perſons, belonging to this unfortunate city and its environs, who were drowned, ſhot *en maſſe*, guillotined, and ſtifled or ſtarved in priſon, amounted to about *forty* thouſand. And, this computation is corroborated by the author of *La Conjuration*, who ſays (PAGE 159.) The number of perſons murdered in the ſouth of France, during the ſpace of a very few months, is reckoned at a hundred thouſand. The bodies thrown into the Loire are innumerable. Carrier alone put to death *more than forty thouſand*, including men, women and children.

It appears, then, that theſe bloody revolutioniſts, who ſtiled themſelves the friends of freedom and of mankind, deſtroyed, in one city of France, a population equal to that of the capital of the United States.

CHAP. IV.

Facts from ſeveral works, proving that the cruelties related in the preceding chapters, were authorized, or approved of by the National Aſſemblies.

AFTER having led the reader through ſuch rivers of blood, it ſeems indiſpenſably neceſſary to inſert a few facts, ſhowing by whoſe authority that blood was ſpilt; for, it could anſwer no good purpoſe to excite his deteſtation, without directing it towards the proper object.

When the French firſt began that career of inſurrection, robbery and murder, which aſſumed the name of a Revolution, the people of this country, or at leaſt the moſt numerous part of them, felt uncommon anxiety for its ſucceſs. The people were deceived; but the deception was an agreeable one; the word *Revolution* had of itſelf very great charms, but when that of *Liberty* was added to it, it could not fail of exciting enthuſiaſm. This enthuſiaſm was, indeed, nearly general; and this alone was a ſufficient inducement for the public prints to become the partizans of Condorcet and Mirabeau. All the avenues to truth were at

once barred up; and, though the revolutioniſts every day changed their creed, though one revolving moon ſaw them make and break their oaths, all was amply atoned for by their being engaged in a Revolution.

As the Revolution advanced the enthuſiaſm increaſed; but from the moment that the French nation declared itſelf a *Republic*, this enthuſiaſm was changed to madneſs. All the means by which this change of government was to be accompliſhed were totally overlooked; nothing was talked or dreamed of but the enfranchiſement of the world; the whole univerſe was to become a republic, or be annihilated; and happy was he who could bawl loudeſt about a certain ſomething, called *liberty and equality*.

During this political madneſs, however, now and then a trait of ſhocking barbarity, in ſpite of all the endeavours of the public papers, burſt in upon us, and produced a lucid interval; but theſe intervals have never yet been of long duration; becauſe every ſubterfuge, that intereſted falſehood can deviſe, has been made uſe of to give our abhorrence a direction contrary to that which it ought to have taken. We have heard Briſſot, Danton, Marat, and Robeſpierre, all accuſed in their turns of ſhedding innocent blood; but the *National Aſſembly* itſelf, they tell us, has ever remained worthy of

our admiration. The poor unſucceſsful agents of this terrible divan have been devoted to execration, as tyrants, while their employers have been, and are yet held up to us as the friends of liberty and the lovers of mankind.

Without further remark, I ſhall add ſuch facts as, I imagine, will enable every reader to judge for himſelf.

To begin with the conſtituent aſſembly; one proof of their approving of murder will ſuffice. They honoured with the title of *vanquiſhers*, a blood-thirſty mob, who after having taken two men priſoners, cruelly maſſacred them, and carried their heads about the ſtreets of Paris on a pike. *See Rabaud's hiſtory of the French Revolution* page 106.

The ſecond Aſſembly, when they received advices of the murders of Jourdan and his aſſociates at Avignon, as mentioned in the firſt chapter of this work, threatened the member who communicated the news, becauſe he had called the murderers *brigands*, and not *patriots*. See *La Gazette Univerſelle* for the month of May 1792.—And, how did this Aſſembly behave, when informed of the maſſacres in the priſons of Paris, during the firſt days of September, 1792? *Tallien* (of whom we have lately heard ſo

much) came to the National Assembly, and informed them of the murdering in the following remarkable words: "The commis-
"saries have done all they could to pre-
"vent the *disorders* (the massacreing the pri-
"soners is what he calls *disorders*) but they
"have not been able to stop the, in some sort,
"*just vengeance* of the people."—The Assembly heard this language very quietly, and Doctor Moore, from whose journal (page 178) the fact is taken, makes an apology for the Assembly, by saying that they were *overawed*; but it has since fully appeared, that the leading members were the very persons who contrived the massacre, with the aid of Petion, Manuel, and Marat.—It is a well known fact, recorded by the Abbé Barruel (page 334) that *Louvet*, one of the members of the present Assembly, gave, the day after the September massacre, an order on the public treasury, in the following words: "*On sight, pay to the four bearers*
"*each twelve livres, for aiding in the dis-*
"*patching of the priests at the prison of St.*
"*Firmin.*"—Louvet was, at the time of writing this note on demand for murderer's wages, a *legislator*; and I cannot help remarking here, that a printer of a news-paper in the United States, has lately boasted, that this Louvet, "now president of the first Assembly on earth," says our printer,

was *the editor of a gazette!*—People ſhould be cautious how they boaſt of relationſhip with the legiſlators in that country of equality.

As it will no longer be pretended, I ſuppoſe, that this ſecond Aſſembly diſapproved of the murders that were committed under their reign, I will now turn to the third Aſſembly, which we commonly call a Convention. And, not to tire the reader with proofs of what is ſelf evident, I ſhall confine myſelf to an extract or two from the trial of Carrier and the revolutionary committee of Nantz.

VOL. V. PAGE 49.

It is time, ſays Goullin, to tear aſide the veil. The repreſentatives Bourbotte and Bo knew all about the drownings and ſhootings; and Bo even ſaid to Huchet, inſpeaking of the members of the revolutionary committee, that it was *not for the murders* that they were to be tried.

After this the counſellor for the committee aſks this citizen Bo, what was the real motive for bringing the committee to trial; and the other confeſſes, that it was for their having *miſapplied the treaſures* taken from

the priſoners. He pretends (page 60) though he had taken the place of Carrier at Nantz, and though the water of the river could not be drank, on account of the dead bodies that were floating on it; though a hundred or two of ditches had been dug to put the people into that were ſhot, and though the city was filled with cries and lamentations; notwithſtanding all this, he pretends that he could ſay nothing, for certain, *about the murders.*

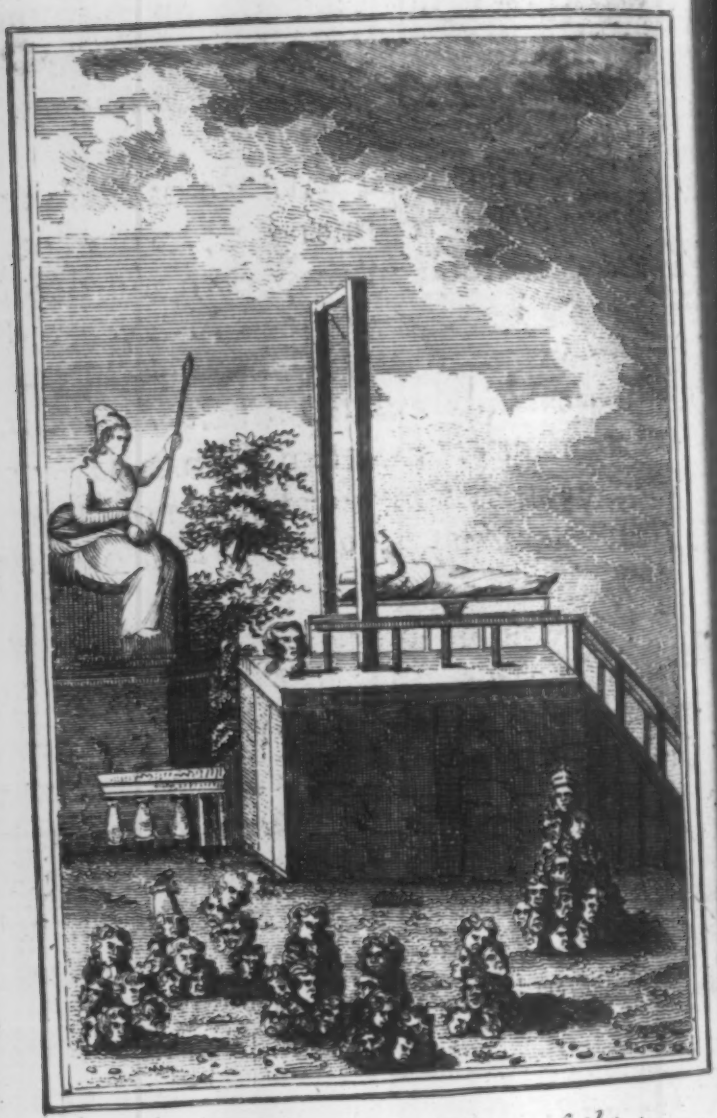
This repreſentative Bo (page 83.) is convicted of having himſelf juſtified the conduct of the committee and of Carrier.

Carrier, in his defence, ſays, that he had done no more than *his duty*, and that *the Convention had been regularly informed of every thing.* They complain now, ſays he (page 119 of ſhootings *en maſſe*, as if *the ſame had not been done at Angers, Saumur, Laval, and every where elſe.*)

A witneſs (Vol. 5. Page 60.) informs the tribunal, that he, who was himſelf a member of the Convention, *had informed that body of all the horrors that were committed at Nantz*, and particularly of the *maſſacres of women and children.*

The author of *La Conjuration*, ſo often quoted ſays (page 162.) When the bloody Carrier wrote to the Convention that he was diſpatching hundreds at a time by

BRITISH
8 0063
MUSEUM



The Guillotine on the square of the Revolution. where 70 persons were sometimes executed in one day.

means of lighters with plugs in the bottom, Carrier was not blamed; on the contrary, he was *repeatedly applauded*, as being the author of *an invention that did honour to his country!*

But, what need have we of theſe proofs? What other teſtimony do we want, than that contained in their own murderous decrees? Let any one caſt his eye on the oppoſite page; let him there behold the ſcene that was daily exhibited before the windows of their hall, and then let him ſay whether they delighted in murder or not. Blood is their element, as water is that of the finny race.

One thing, however, remains to be accounted for; and that is, how ſo great a part of the nation were led to butcher each other; how they were brought to that pitch of brutal ſanguinary ferocity, which we have ſeen ſo amply diſplayed in the preceeding Chapters. This is what, with the reader's indulgence, I ſhall now agreeable to my promiſe, endeavour to explain.

AN

INSTRUCTIVE ESSAY,

Tracing all the horrors of the French Revolution to their real cauſes, the licentious Politics and infidel Philoſophy of the preſent Age.

THAT the French were an amiable people the whole civilized world has given abundant teſtimony, by endeavouring to imitate them. There was not a nation in Europe but had, in ſome degree, adopted their language and their faſhions; and all thoſe individuals, belonging even to their haughty rival enemy, who travelled in their country, were led by an involuntary impulſe into an imitation of their manners.

The prominent feature in their national character was, it is true, *levity*; but, though levity and ferociouſneſs may, and often do, meet in the ſame perſon, no writer, that I recollect, had ever accuſed the French of being cruel. If we are to judge of their

diſpoſition by their national ſports and entertainments, we ſhall find no room to draw a concluſion againſt their humanity. Theſe cruel diverſions, where men become the bullies of brute creatures, and laugh at ſeeing them goad, and bite, and tear each other to pieces, were never known in France. Even in their theatrical performances a dead body was never exhibited on the ſcene: ſuch a ſpectacle was thought to be too much for the feelings of the audience. The works of their favourite authors generally breathe the greateſt tenderneſs and humanity. The nation that could produce, and admire, a Marmontel and a Racine, could not be naturally bloody-minded.

" To kinder ſkies, were gentler manners reign,
" I turn,—and France diſplays her bright domain.
" Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
" Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom whom all the world
[can pleaſe:
" How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
" With tuneleſs pipe beſide the murm'ring Loire!
" Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
" And, freſhen'd from the wave, the zepher flew;
" And haply, tho' my harſh touch falt'ring ſtill,
" But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill,
" Yet would the village praiſe my wond'rous pow'r,

" And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour!
" Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
" Have led their child'ren thro' the mirthful maze,
" And the gay Grand-ſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
" Has friſked beneath the burden of threeſcore.
" So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay;
" Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
" Theirs are thoſe arts which mind to mind endear;
" For honour forms the ſocial temper here."

Theſe verſes, extracted from the moſt elegant of poems, dictated by the beſts of hearts, contain the juſteſt character of the French nation, that I have ever yet ſeen. To this character I am ready to ſubſcribe: for, I too have been charmed with their gentle manners and their ſocial eaſe: I too have felt the power of thoſe arts which endear mind to mind: I have been a witneſs of their urbanity, their reſpectful deference and attention to the ſofter ſex, their paternal tenderneſs, and their veneration for old age.

Whence, then, the mighty, the dreadful change? What is it that has transformed a great portion of this airy humane people into a horde of ſullen aſſaſſins? What is it that has converted theſe thoughtleſs realms; this gay ſprightly land of mirth, this bright domain, into a gloomy wilderneſs watered with rivers of human blood? This ought to be the great object of our en-

quiries: this ought to fix all our attention. Without determining this point, we can draw no profit from the preceding relation, and, without attempting it, I ſhould have undertaken the unpleaſant taſk of holding the French people up to reproach and deteſtation to no manner of purpoſe.

It has been aſſerted, again and again, by the partizans of the French revolution, that all the crimes which have diſgraced it, are to be aſcribed to the hoſtile operations of their enemies. They have told us, that, had not the Auſtrians and Pruſſians been on their march to Paris, the priſoners would not have been maſſacred, on the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1792. But, can we poſſibly conceive how the murder of 8,000 poor priſoners, locked up and bound, could be neceſſary to the defence of a Capital, containing a million of inhabitants? Can we believe that the ſabres of the aſſaſſins would not have been more effectually employed againſt the invaders, than againſt defenceleſs prieſts and women. The deluded populace were told not "to leave the wolves in the fold while they went to attack thoſe that were without." But theſe wolves, if they were ſuch, were in priſon; were under a guard an hundred thouſand times as ſtrong as themſelves, and could have been deſtroyed at a moment's

warning. There is ſomething ſo abominably cowardly in this juſtification, that it is even more baſe than the crime. Suppoſe that a hundred thouſand men had marched from Paris, to make head againſt the Auſtrians and Pruſſians, there were yet nine hundred thouſand left to guard the unhappy wretches that were tied hand and foot. Where could be the neceſſity of maſſacreing them! Where could be the neceſſity of hacking them to pieces, tearing out their bowels, and biting their hearts?

Subſequent events have fully proved, that it was not danger that produced theſe bloody meaſures: for, we have ever ſeen the revolutioniſts moſt cruel in times of their greateſt ſecurity. Their butcheries at Lyons and in its neighbourhood did not begin, till they were completely triumphant. It was then, at the moment when they had no retaliation to fear, that they commenced their bloody work. Carrier, lolling at at his eaſe, ſent the victims to death by hundreds. The blood never flowed from the guillotine in ſuch torrents, as at the very time when their armies were driving their enemies before them in every direction.

Charles Fox (who, by the bye, would not have made a bad cut-throat general) Charles Fox had the folly and impudence to ſay, in the Britiſh Houſe of Commons,

that the maſſacres in France ought to be attributed to the Allied Powers. "You "hunt them like wild beaſts," ſaid this humane and honeſt ſwindler, "and then you "complain of them for being ferocious." How this hunting, as Fox calls it, could drive the French to butcher one another, I cannot ſee; but if it was a juſtifiable reaſon for them, it might certainly be applied with much more juſtice to their enemies; for theſe have been oftener obliged to fly than the French. The revolutionary armies have overrun an extent of territory equal to one third of their own country: the Savoyards, the Germans, the Flemings, the Dutch, the Spaniards, and the Engliſh, have been obliged to fly before them; but we have heard of no maſſacres among theſe people. The French moſt unmercifully put to death eight thouſand of their country people, who were in the priſons of Paris, and, as an excuſe for this, they tell us that the Duke of Brunſwick had invaded the province of Champagne; but they themſelves have overrun all the United Netherlands, and even taken poſſeſſion of the capital; and we have not heard, that the Dutch have as yet been guilty of a ſingle maſſacre. They have found but one place in all their career, where the people could be prevailed on to erect a guillotine, and that was at

Geneva. Here their army was more numerous than the whole population of the ſtate, and therefore their ſyſtem was fully adopted; yet even here, among this little debaſed and tyranized people, there were to be found no villains infamous enough to imitate their maſters in murdering women and children. That was a ſpecies of ſlaughter reſerved for the French nation alone.

The French revolution has been compared to that of America, and I have heard ſome men, calling themſelves Americans, who have not been aſhamed to ſay, that as great cruelties were committed in this country as in that. I would now aſk theſe men, who are ſo anxious to be thought as bloody as the ſans-culotte French, if they can give me one inſtance of the Americans murdering their towns-men at the approach of the enemy? When the Britiſh army ſucceeded that of the Congreſs at Philadelphia, did the continental troops murder all the Tories, before they quitted the city? Can theſe generous friends of the French revolution tell us of any maſſacres that took place in this country? Did they ever hear of women and children being drowned and ſhot by hundreds? Seven years of civil war deſolated theſe ſtates, but the blood of one ſingle woman or child never ſtained the earth.

If the doctrine of the profligate Charles Fox be admitted, if a people be juſtifiable in entering on a ſeries of maſſacres, the inſtant they are preſſed by an enemy from without, what ſafety can there be for any of us? If a declaration of war is to unſheath the daggers of all the aſſaſſins in the community, civil ſociety is the greateſt curſe that ever fell upon mankind. Much better and ſafer were it for us to ſeparate, and prowl about like ſavages, nay like beaſts, than to live thus, in continual trepidation, in continual fear for our throats.

There is ſomething ſo exceedingly cowardly and ridiculons in this juſtification, that even the French revolutioniſts are aſhamed of it. They have recourſe to another ſtill more diſhonourable, it is true, but leſs cowardly. They tell us, that all the aſſaſſins in France have been in the pay of Great Britain; or, to make uſe of their own expreſſion, have been excited to action by the "*gold of Pitt.*"

As I wiſh to advance nothing without the beſt poſſible authority, I ſhall here inſert a paſſage on this ſubject, taken from a Gazette publiſhed at Philadelphia by one *Gatreau*, and at the preſs of *Moreau de St. Mery*, who was a member of the conſtituent aſſembly of France.

The intention of the piece evidently is to juſtify the French character, or rather the character of the French revolutioniſts, by attributing the horrid deeds theſe latter have committed, to ſome cauſe other than their own diſpoſitions and anarchical principles. To avoid all cavil with reſpect to the authenticity of the extract, and the correctneſs of the tranſlation, I will firſt give it in French, and then in Engliſh, obſerving, for the further ſatisfaction of the reader, that he may find the piece entire in the Gazette above mentioned, of the fourth of February 1796.

" Quel homme éclairé par l'expérience, " nieroit aujhurd'hui, que, de la tête de " Pitt ſont ſortis tous les crimes qui feſoient " abhorrer la Révolution par ceux-la meme " qui en adoroient les principes; que, c'eſt " au foyer de la jalouſie et de la haine An- " gloiſe, que s'allumèrent les torches, que ſe " forgèrent les poignards, qui ont fait un " monceau de cendres et de ſang des plus " belles poſſeſſions du monde?—Quel génie " malfaiſant créa les factions impies, ſan- " guinaires ou ambitienſes, qui devoient " anéantir la France, au du moins la re- " placer ſous le joug, ſi la providence ne " déconcertoit pas toujours les complots de " l'iniquité?—Le génie infernal du miniſtre " Anglois.—C'eſt avec l'or de ſes victimes

" de l'Inde qu'il payoit le ſang François,
" verſé à grands flots à Paris, dans les dé-
" partemens, aux frontières et dans les co-
" lonies."

" What man, enlightened by experience,
" will now deny, that, from the head of
" Pitt have come all the crimes which have
" rendered the Revolution deteſtable in the
" eyes of even thoſe who adored its princi-
" ples; that, it was Engliſh jealouſy and
" hatred that lighted the flames, and ſhar-
" pened the poignards, which have re-
" duced the fineſt poſſeſſions in the world
" to a heap of aſhes and blood?—What
" evil genius created the impious, ſangui-
" nary and ambitious factions, that were to
" annihilate France; or, at leaſt, bend it
" again beneath the yoke, if Providence
" had not diſconcerted the plans of iniqui-
" quity?—The infernal genius of the Eng-
" liſh miniſter. It was with the gold,
" drawn from his victims in India, that he
" paid for the French blood, which has
" flowed in rivers at Paris, in the depart-
" ments, on the frontiers, and in the co-
" lonies."

This is an *important*, and were it not ſo very hackneyed and thread-bare, I would call it a "*precious confeſſion.*" Here we ſee a Frenchman, a partizan of, and perhaps an actor in, the revolution, endeavouring

to wipe away the ſtain on its principles, by aſcribing all the horrors thoſe principles have produced, to the gold diſtributed among the revolutioniſts by the Engliſh miniſter. The cruelties that have been committed, were not, then, neceſſary to the eſtabliſhment of a free government; they were not the effect of irritation, of anarchical confuſion, of vindictive retaliation; they were not the natural conſequence of a long-oppreſſed people's breaking their chains and riſing on their tyrants; all theſe excuſes (which I muſt allow were ſilly enough) are at once done away by this new juſtification; for, we are here told, in ſo many words, that the French people have ſhed rivers of each other's blood, in every part of their dominions, purely for the love—not of *liberty*, but of *the gold of Pitt*.

There is ſuch a natural connection between the meaſures of the ſeveral National Aſſemblies and the maſſacres that were the immediate conſequence of them, that it is impoſſible to effect a ſeparation without the utmoſt violence to all manner of reaſoning and truth. If it was the gold of Pitt that paid for all the French blood that has been ſpilled, it muſt have been that gold that paid for the inhuman murder of Meſſrs. Launy and Fleſſel, and it muſt have been that gold which induced the conſtituent af-

ſembly to ſanction the murder, by giving the aſſaſſins of theſe gentlemen the title of *heroes* and *conquerors*, and by inſtituting a national feſtival in their honour.

The Revolution was begun, and has hitherto been maintained by the ſhedding of innocent blood; therefore, if it was the gold of Pitt that paid for that blood, it is to the gold of Pitt that the revolution is to be aſcribed, and not to that patriotic ſpirit and love of liberty, with which we have been ſo long amuſed. In the fifth chapter of this work, it is inconteſtibly proved, that the ſeveral National Aſſemblies authoriſed, or approved of all the maſſacres which have diſgraced their country; if, then, theſe maſſacres were paid for by Mr. Pitt, muſt we not inevitably conclude that the National Aſſemblies were in the ſame pay? If Mr. Pitt paid for the blood of the family of Bourbon, for that of the king's guards, of the nobility, the clergy, the bankers, the merchants, in ſhort, of all the rich or ariſtocrats, as they are called, it was Mr. Pitt who deſtroyed the monarchy: it was he who cauſed France to be called a Republic, and who gave riſe to the doctrine of *equality*. Thoſe, therefore, who talk of the gold of Pitt, muſt ceaſe all their fulſome eulogiums on theſe gallant republicans; for,

if they are to have a republic, it will, according to their own confeſſions, be the work of the Engliſh miniſter.

This vindication, throwing the blame on the gold of Pitt, amply participates in the misfortune of all the vindications that have lately appeared amongſt us; that is, it takes up a bad cauſe, and makes it worſe. The reader will certainly feel, with me, an inexpreſſible indignation at a people, who, becauſe an hoſtile army was on their frontiers, could be prevailed on to butcher thouſands upon thouſands of their innocent countrymen; who could cut the throats of their fathers and mothers, rip up the bowels of women with child, and carry about the trophies of their baſe and ſavage triumph on the points of their pikes and bayonets; but, what will be his feelings, what will contain his ſwelling heart, when he is told, that all this was undertaken and perpetrated for foreign gold? The revolutioniſts, by accuſing Mr. Pitt of being at the bottom of their maſſacres, do not perceive, without doubt, that they are heaping ten times ten-fold infamy on themſelves and their nation.

By alledging this influence of Britiſh gold, the writer I have above quoted reduces himſelf and the partizans of the revolution to a moſt diſtreſſing dilemma. He owns that rivers of French blood have flow-

ed at Paris, in the departments, on the frontiers, and in the colonies; and he tells us, that this blood was paid for with the gold of Pitt. Now, admitting this to be true, this blood has been ſhed, and this gold received, by *Frenchmen*. To what, then, will our author aſcribe this ſanguinary avarice? He muſt either aſcribe it to the *natural diſpoſition* of his countrymen; or, *a change* in that natural diſpoſition, *produced by the revolution*. It is uncertain which of theſe he may chooſe, but it is very certain, chooſe which he will, that he has held up the character of his nation, or the principles of the revolution to deteſtation, and abhorrence. This is the way he has juſtified the French in the eyes of the people of this country. Infinitely better were it for ſuch juſtifiers to ſuffer the preſs to reſt in eternal inaction. All that a good Frenchman can do, is, to weep over the diſgrace of his country; for, ſo long as murder, horrid, barbarous, ſavage murder, ſhall admit of no excuſe, ſo long ſhall the actions of the French revolutioniſts remain unjuſtifiable.

It is more than probable, that a writer of this ſtamp might be willing to allow, that his countrymen were always naturally ferocious and bloody-minded, rather than confeſs that this diſpoſition has been produced by the principles of the revolution: for,

patriots of this kind are ever ready to ſacrifice the honour of their country to the ſupport of their ſyſtems. But juſtice demands from us to reject with diſdain every ſuch concluſion. We have ſeen the French people ſprightly, beneficent, humane and happy; let us, now, follow them ſtep-by-ſtep into the awful oppoſite, and ſee for ourſelves, by what diabolical means the change has been effected.

The firſt National Aſſembly had hardly aſſumed that title, when they diſcovered an intention of overturning the government, which they had been called together, and which their conſtituents had enjoined them, to ſupport, and of levelling all ranks and diſtinctions among the different orders in the community. To this they were not led, as it has been ſo falſely pretended, by their love of liberty and deſire of ſeeing their country happy; but by envy, curſed envy, that will never let the fiery demagogue ſleep in peace, while he ſees a greater or richer than himſelf. It has been objected to this, that there were among the revolutioniſts men who already enjoyed diſtinguiſhed honours; but it is forgotten at the ſame time, that ambition will be at the top, or no where; that it will deſtroy itſelf with the envied object, rather than act a ſubaltern part. The motto of a demagogue is that

of Milton's Satan: "rather reign in hell than ſerve in heaven."

This taſk of deſtruction was, however, an arduous one. To tear the complicated work of fourteen centuries to pieces at once, to render honours diſhonourable, and turn reverential awe into contempt and mockery, was not to be accompliſhed but by extraordinary means. It was evident that property muſt change hands, that the beſt blood of the nation muſt flow in torrents, or the project muſt fail. The Aſſembly, to arm the multitude on their ſide, broached the popular doctrine of *equality*. It was a neceſſary part of the plan of theſe reformers to ſeduce the people to their ſupport; and ſuch was the credulity of the unfortunate French, that they ſoon began to look on them as the oracles of virtue and wiſdom, and believed themſelves raiſed, by one ſhort ſentence iſſued by theſe ambitious impoſtors, from the ſtate of *ſubjects* to that of *ſovereigns*.

"I puniſhed" (ſays Solon, the Athenian law-giver) "I puniſhed with death, all "thoſe aſpiring diſturbers of the common-"wealth, who, in order to domineer them-"ſelves, and lead the vulgar in their train, "pretended that all men were equal, and "ſought to confound the different ranks in "ſociety, by preaching up a chimerical

"equality, that never did or can exiſt." How happy would it have been for France, had there been ſome Solon, endued with wiſdom and power enough to puniſh the political mountebanks of the Conſtituent Aſſembly! What dreadful carnage, what indelible diſgrace, the nation would have eſcaped! Hardly had the word *equality* been pronounced, when the whole kingdom became a ſcene of anarchy and confuſion. The name of liberty (I ſay the *name*, for the regenerated French have known nothing of it but the name) The name of liberty had already half turned the heads of the people, and that of equality finiſhed the work. From the moment it ſounded in their ears, all that had formerly inſpired reſpect, all that they had reverenced and adored even, began to excite contempt and fury. Birth, beauty, old age, all became the victims of a deſtructive equality, erected into a law by an Aſſembly of ambitious tyrants, who were ready to deſtroy every thing that croſſed their way to abſolute domination.

One of the immediate effects of the promulgation of this doctrine was the murder of Monſieur Foulon and his ſon-in-law Berthier, who, without ſo much as being charged with any crime, were taken by the people, conducted to Paris and cruelly

maſſacreed. I will ſay nothing (ſays *Du Gour* in his eloquent *Memoire* page 35) I will ſay nothing of the ſavage cruelties committed on Foulon and Berthier; I will not repreſent the bloody head of the father-in-law, offered to the ſon to kiſs, preſſed againſt his lips, and afterwards put under his feet; I will not repreſent the inhuman aſſaſſins ruſhing on Berthier, tearing out his heart, and placing it, quivering and ſtill palpitating, on the table of the town-hall, *before the magiſtrates* of the commune.—After this their heads were ſtuck on pikes, and the heart of Berthier on the point of a ſword. In this manner they were carried through the ſtreets, followed by the exulting populace (ſee *Rabaut's* Hiſt. Of the French Revolution, page 117.) Nor let it be pretended that the Aſſembly could not prevent this ſhameful, this bloody deed. They had the abſolute command of Paris at the time, and had two hundred thouſand armed men ready to obey their nod. But the Aſſembly never oppoſed the murder of thoſe whom they looked upon as their enemies; nay, Rabaut, their partial hiſtorian (who was one of their body) even juſtifies the murder.

When the word *equality* found its way to the colonies it was only a ſignal for aſſaſſination. At Port-au-Prince the Chevalier de

Mauduit, a brave and generous officer, who rendered eſſential ſervices to this country during the laſt war, was murdered by his own ſoldiers. The villains had the inſolence to order him to kneel down before them: "No," ſaid he, like a ſoldier as he was, "it ſhall never be ſaid, that Thomas Mau-"duit bent his knee before a ſet of ſcoun-"drels,"—His head was cut off; he was torn limb from limb; his bowels were trailed along the ſtreet, as butchers do thoſe of beaſts in a ſlaughter houſe. The next morning the different members of his body, and morſels of his fleſh, were ſeen ſtrewed about oppoſite his houſe, and his bloody and ghaſtly head placed on the ſtep of the door way.—We know, we have before our eyes the proofs of what havock, diſtreſs and deſtruction, this deteſtable word has ſince produced In the unfortunate iſland of St. Domingo.

It was now that the ſovereign people, entering on their reign, firſt took the famous plundering motto: "*La guerre aux chateaux et la paix aux chaumiéres*"; that is, *War to the gentlemen's houſes and peace to the cottage*; or, in other words, *war to all thoſe who have any thing to loſe*. This motto is extremely comprehenſive; it includes the whole doctrine of equality. It was not a vain declaration in France; but was put in practice with that patriotic zeal which

has marked the whole courſe of the revolution. To be rich or of a good family became a crime, which was often expiated by the loſs of life. Men took as much pains to be thought obſcure vagabonds, as they had formerly done to be thought wealthy and of honeſt deſcent; and, what diſtinguiſhes the French revolution from all others in the world, to have a ragged pair of breeches, or to be totally in want of that ſo neceſſary article of dreſs, was eſteemed the ſureſt mark of pure patriotiſm, and was the greateſt recommendation to public favour.

But the National Aſſembly, though heartily ſeconded by myriads of ragged populace, knew, however, that they could not long depend upon ſuch a promiſcuous ſupport. The citizens were, therefore, to be ſoldiers at the ſame time, and placed under the command of the creatures of the Aſſembly. To this end the territory of the nation underwent a new diviſion, on the levelling plan. The provinces of France were melted down into a rude undigeſted maſs of departments, diſtricts, and municipalities. All the old magiſtrates were replaced by the vileſt wretches that could be found. There were forty four thouſand municipalities, each of theſe had ſeveral municipal officers,

and each of theſe latter his troop of revolutionary myrmidons. There could not be leſs than *three millions* of men in arms, ready to burn, cut and flay at a moment's warning. Nothing was to be ſeen or heard but the patrolling of theſe ſons of equality. The Aſſembly pretended to hold out the olive branch, while they were forming the nation into a camp. The peaceable man trembled for his life. One muſt have been an eye witneſs of the change produced by theſe meaſures, to have the leaſt idea of it. All was ſuſpicion and dread. The bell that had never rung but to call the peaceful villagers to the altar, was converted into a ſignal of approaching danger, and the tree, beneath which they formerly danced, became an alarm poſt. The ragged greaſy magiſtrates, with their municipal troops at their heels, were for ever prowling about for their prey, the property of others. Theſe little platoons of cut-throats ranged the country round, crying havock, burning and laying waſte where ever they came. They had not yet begun to murder frequently, but it was little conſequence to a man whether his brains were blowed out or not, after having ſeen himſelf and family reduced, in the ſpace of a few hours, from affluence to beggary. A band of theſe enlightened ruffians went to the *chateau*, or country

houſe of a gentleman in Provence, and demanded that his perſon ſhould be delivered into their hands. The ſervants defended the houſe for ſome time, but in vain; they advanced to the front door, when the lady of the houſe appeared with a child in her arms, and endeavoured to pacify them, ſaying that her huſband was gone out at the back door. The ruffians inſtantly ſet fire to the houſe. When the lady perceived this, ſhe confeſſed that her huſband was hidden in one of the garrets. The houſe was now on fire; ſhe left her child and ruſhed through the flames to call her huſband from his retreat, but ſhe was ſtifled in the paſſage, and burnt to death, and her huſband ſhared in her fate, leaving a helpleſs infant to the mercy of the murderers of its father and mother.—A hundred volumes like this could not contain the horrors that theſe revolutionary robbers committed in the name of *liberty and equality*.

Let this, Americans, be a leſſon to you, throw from you the doctrine of *equality*, as you would the poiſoned chalice. Wherever this deteſtable principle gains ground to any extent, ruin muſt inevitably enſue. Would you ſtifle the noble flame of emulation, and encourage ignorance and idleneſs? Would you inculcate defiance of the laws? Would you teach ſervants to be diſobedient

to their maſters, and children to their parents? Would you ſow the ſeeds of envy, hatred, robbery, and murder? Would you break all the bands of ſociety aſunder, and turn a civilized people into a horde of ſavages? This is all done by the comprehenſive word equality.—But they tell us, we are not to take it in the unqualified ſenſe. In what ſenſe are we to take it then? Either it means ſomething more than liberty, or it means nothing at all. The miſconſtruction of the word liberty has done miſchief enough in the world; to add to it a word of a ſtill more dangerous extent, was to kindle a flame that never can be extinguiſhed but by the total debaſement, if not deſtruction, of the ſociety, who are ſilly or wicked enough to adopt its uſe. We are told, that every government receives with its exiſtence the latent diſeaſe that is one day to accompliſh its death; but the government that is attacked with this political apoplexy is annihilated in the twinkling of an eye.

The civil diſorganization of the ſtate was but the forerunner of thoſe curſes which the Aſſembly had in ſtore for their devoted country. They plainly perceived, that they never ſhould be able to brutify the people to their wiſhes, without removing the formidable barriers of religion and morality.

Their heads were turned, but it was neceſſary to corrupt their hearts.

Beſides this, the leaders in the Aſſembly were profeſſed *modern philoſophers*; that is to ſay, atheiſts or deiſts. Camus and Condorcet openly taught atheiſm, and Ceruti ſaid with his laſt breath, "*the only regret I "have in quitting the world, is, that I leave a "religion on earth.*" Theſe words, the blaſphemy of an expiring demon, were applauded by the aſſembled legiſlators. It was not to be wondered at, that the vanity of ſuch men ſhould be flattered in the hope of changing the *moſt chriſtian* country into the *moſt infidel* upon the face of the earth; for, there is a ſort of fanaticiſm in irreligion, that leads the profligate atheiſt to ſeek for proſelytes with a zeal that would do honour to a good cauſe, but which employed in a bad one becomes the ſcourge of ſociety.

The zeal of theſe philoſophers for extirpating the truth, was as great at leaſt, as that ſhown by the primitive chriſtians for its propagation. But they proceeded in a very different manner. At firſt ſome circumſpection was neceſſary. The more effectually to deſtroy the chriſtian religion altogether, they began by ſapping the foundations of the catholic faith, the only one that the people had been taught to revere. They formed a ſchiſm with the

church of Rome, well knowing that the opinions of the vulgar, once ſet afloat, were as likely to fix on atheiſm as on any other ſyſtem; and more ſo, as being leſs oppoſed to their levelling principles than the rigid though ſimple morality of the goſpel. A religion that teaches obedience to the higher powers, inculcates humility and peace, ſtrictly forbids robbery and murder, and, in ſhort, enjoins on men to do as they would be done unto, could by no means ſuit the armed ruffians, who were to accompliſh the views of the French Aſſembly.

The preſs, which was made free for the worſt of purpoſes, lent moſt powerful aid to theſe deſtructive reformers. While the catholic religion was ridiculed and abuſed, no other chriſtian ſyſtem was propoſed in its ſtead; on the contrary, the profligate wretches who conducted the public prints, among whom were Mirabeau, Marat, Condorcet and Hebert, filled one half of their impious ſheets with whatever could be thought of to degrade all religion in general. The miniſters of divine worſhip, of every ſect and denomination, were repreſented as cheats, and as the avowed enemies of the ſublime and ſentimental ſomething, which the Aſſembly had in ſtore for the regeneration of the world.

Moſt of my readers muſt have heard of the magnificent church of St. Genviève, at Paris. It was one of the moſt noble ſtructures that the world had ever ſeen, and had beſides the honour of being conſecrated to the worſhip of Chriſt. This edifice the blaſphemers ſeized on as a receptacle for the remains of their "*great men.*" From a chriſtian church, they changed it into a pagan temple, and gave it the name of *Pantheon.* Condorcet, pre-eminent in infamy, propoſed the decree, by which the name of God and that of St. Genviève were ordered to be effaced from the frontiſpiece.

To this *Pantheon* the aſhes of Voltaire were firſt tranſported, and the Aſſembly ſpent no leſs than three days in determining whether thoſe of *Rouſſeau* ſhould not accompany them. This diſtinction, paid to two of the moſt celebrated deiſts of the age, was a full declaration of the principles as well as the intentions of the majority of the Aſſembly.

Thoſe who have not had the patience to wade through the lies and blaſphemies of Voltaire, know his principles from report. *Rouſſeau* is not ſo well known; and, as he was, and ſtill continues to be, the great oracle of the revolutioniſts, I am perſuaded a page or two on his character, and that of his works, will not be loſt here; particular-

ly as I have heard both mentioned with applauſe in this country, by perſons apparently of the beſt intentions.

The philoſopher Rouſſeau, the pagod of the regenerated French, was born at Geneva; and, at a proper age, bound an apprentice to an artiſt. During his apprenticeſhip he frequently robbed his maſter as well as other perſons. Before his time was expired he decamped, fled into the dominions of the king of Sardinia, where he changed the preſbyterian for the catholic religion. This beginning ſeemed to promiſe fair for what followed. By an unexpected turn of fortune he became a footman, in which capacity he did not forget his old habit of ſtealing. He is detected with the ſtolen goods; ſwears they were given him by a maid ſervant of the houſe; the girl is confronted with him, ſhe denies the fact, and weeping preſſes him to confeſs the truth; but the young philoſopher ſtill perſiſts in the lie, and the poor girl is driven from her place in diſgrace.—Tired of being a ſervingman, he went to throw himſelf on the protection of a lady, whom he had ſeen once before, and who he proteſts was the moſt *virtuous* creature of her ſex. This lady had ſo great a regard for him, that ſhe called him her *little darling*, and he called her *mama*. *Mama* had a footman, who ſerved her be-

ſides, in another capacity very much reſembling that of a huſband; but ſhe had a moſt tender affection for her adopted ſon *Rouſſeau*, and, as ſhe feared he was forming connections with a certain lady that might ſpoil his morals, ſhe herſelf, out of pure virtue, took him—to bed with her!—This virtuous effort to preſerve the purity of Rouſſeau's heart, had a dreadful effect on the head of the poor footman, and ſo he poiſoned himſelf—Roſſeau fell ſick, and *mama* was obliged to part with *little darling*, while he performed a journey to the ſouth of France, for the recovery of his health. On the road he dines with a gentleman, and lies with his wife. As he was returning back, he debated with himſelf whether he ſhould pay this lady a ſecond viſit or not; but, fearing he might be tempted to ſeduce her daughter alſo, *virtue* got the better, and determined the *little darling* to fly home into the arms of his *mama;* but, alas! thoſe arms were filled with another. *Mama's* virtue had prompted her to take a ſubſtitute, whom ſhe liked too well to part with, and our philoſopher was obliged to ſhift for himſelf. I ſhould have told the reader, that the *little darling*, while he reſided with his *mama*, went to make a tour with a young muſician. Their friendſhip was warm, like that of moſt young men, and they were, beſides, enjoin-

ed to take particular care of each other during their travels. They travelled on for ſome time, agreed perfectly well, and vowed an everlaſting friendſhip for each other. But, the muſician, being one day taken in a fit, fell down in the ſtreet, which furniſhed the faithful Rouſſeau with an opportunity of ſlipping off with ſome of his things, and leaving him to the mercy of the people, in a town where he was a total ſtranger.

We ſeldom meet with ſo much villainy in a youth. His manhood was worthy of it. He turned apoſtate a ſecond time, was driven from within the walls of his native city of Geneva, as an incendiary, and an apoſtle of anarchy and infidelity; nor did he forget how to thieve.—At laſt the philoſopher marries; but like a philoſopher; that is, without going to church. He has a family of children, and, like a kind philoſophical father, for fear they ſhould want after his death, he ſends them to the *poor-houſe* during his lifetime!—To conclude, the philoſopher dies, and leaves the philoſophereſs, his wife, to the protection of a friend; ſhe marries a footman, and gets turned out into the ſtreet.

This is a brief ſketch of the life of Jean Jacques Rouſſeau, the oracle of the regenerated French, a thief, a whoremaſter, an adulterer, a treacherous friend, an unnatu-

ral father, and twice an apoſtate.—There wants only about a hundred murders to make him equal to the immortal Marat, whom we have ſeen compared to Jeſus Chriſt. This vile wretch has the impudence to ſay, in the work that contains a confeſſion of theſe his crimes, that no man can come to the throne of God, and ſay, *I am a better man than Rouſſeau.*

His writings, though they have very great literary merit, contain ſuch principles as might be expected from ſuch a man. He has exhauſted all the powers of reaſoning and all the charms of eloquence in the cauſe of anarchy and irreligion. And his writings are ſo much the more dangerous, as he winds himſelf into favour with the unwary, by an eternal cant about *virtue* and *liberty*. He ſeems to have aſſumed the maſk of virtue for no other purpoſe than that of propagating with more certain ſucceſs the blackeſt and moſt incorrigible vice*.

* Two philoſophers can ſeldom agree more than two perſons of any other profeſſion; ſo it happened with *Voltaire* and *Rouſſeau*. The humurous prophetic ſatire of the former, occaſioned by the publication of *Rouſſeau's* romance, the *New Eloiſa*, is ſo well worthy of a place here, that I cannot deny myſelf the pleaſure of tranſlating an extract or two from it.

" In thoſe days there will appear in France a wonderful man. He will ſay unto the people, behold! I am poſſeſſed by the demon of enthuſiaſm; I have re-

This was the man and the writer that the conſtituent Aſſembly held up to the imitation and even adoration of the poor deluded French people. The aſhes of this thieving philoſopher coſt the nation almoſt two thouſand guineas in debates.

Thoſe who know, what power novelty has on the French; with what enthuſiaſm, or rather fury, they adopt whatever is in

ceived from heaven the gift of paradoxical inconſiſtency; and the light-heeled multitude will dance after him and many will adore him. And he will ſay, you are all raſcals and proſtitutes, and I deteſt raſcals and proſtitutes, and I come to live amongſt you. And he will add, the men and women are all virtuous in the republic of Geneva, where I was born, and I love virtuous men and women, and I will not live in the country where I was born.—He will proteſt that the play-houſe is a ſchool of proſtitution and corruption, and he will write operas and plays.—He will adviſe mankind to go ſtark naked, and he will wear laced cloths, when given unto him.—He will ſwear that romances corrupt the morals of all who read them, and he will compoſe a romance; and in this romance will be ſeen vice in deeds and virtue in words, and the lovers will be mad with love and with philoſophy; and this romance will teach how to ſeduce a young girl philoſophically; and the diſciple will loſe all ſhame and modeſty: and ſhe will practiſe fooliſhneſs and raiſe maxims and paradoxes with her maſter; and ſhe will kiſs firſt, and aſk him to lie with her, and he will actually lie with her, and ſhe will become round and pregnant with metaphyſics. And this they will call philoſophy and virtue, and they will talk about philoſophy and virtue, till no ſoul on earth will know what philoſophy and virtue is."

vogue, may gueſs at the effect that this philoſophical canonization of Rouſſeau produced. Every thing was *à la Rouſſeau;* his works were hawked about, mouthed in the National Aſſembly (often by thoſe who underſtood them not) recommended in all the prints, and ſpouted at the ſans-culotte clubs. His old booriſh ſayings became the livelieſt traits of wit, all his manners were imitated, to be cruſty and ill-bred was like Jean Jacques, and, what was particularly offenſive to every juſt mind, his loathſome down-looking portrait, that portrait which ſeems to be the choſen ſeat of guilt, was ſeen at every corner, and in every hand.

Having thus prepared the public mind, the Aſſembly made a bold attack on the church. They diſcovered, by the light of philoſophy, that France contained too many churches, and, of courſe, too many paſtors. Great part of them were therefore to be ſuppreſſed, and to make the innovation go down with the people, all tithes were to be aboliſhed. The meaſure ſucceeded; but what did the people gain by the abolition of the tithes? not a farthing; for, a tax of twenty *per cent* was immediately laid on the lands in conſequence of it. The cheat was not perceived till it was too late.

But, the abolition of the tithes, the only motive of which was to debaſe the clergy in the opinions of the people, was but a trifle to what was to follow. The religious orders, that is to ſay, the communities of monks and nuns, poſſeſſed immenſe landed eſtates, and theſe the honeſt Aſſembly had marked for their own. As a pretext for the ſeizure they firſt decreed, that the wealth of the religious orders *belonged to the nation*, to that indefinite being, that exiſts every where and no where, and that has devoured all, without receiving any thing.

As this act of ſeizing the eſtates of the regular clergy, was one of thoſe that gave a deciſive blow to property as well as religion in France, and one that has received the greateſt applauſes in this country, I ſhall enter a little at length into the flagrant injuſtice of it. Nor is the ſubject inapplicable to ourſelves; for, though there are no religious orders in America, there are many people of property, and it is of a violation of property that I here charge the Aſſembly.

How the eſtates of the religious orders became the property of a certain ſomebody called the nation, in 1791, is to me wholly inconceiveable; ſeeing that there never was a time, when they belonged to that ſociety of men, now called the French. Great

part of the monaſteries had been founded five, ſix, ſeven hundred years, and ſome above a thouſand years before the moſt worthleſs of the French took it into their heads to be ſo many ſovereigns. The founders were men of pious and auſtere lives, who, wiſhing to retire from the world, obtained grants of uncultivated land, generally in ſome barren and ſolitary ſpot. There they formed little miſerable ſettlements, which, by their frugality and labour, in time became rich meadows, farms and vineyards. A French hiſtorian, ſpeaking of St. Etienne, ſays: "In 1058, he "retired to Citeaux, then a vaſt foreſt, in- "habited only by wild beaſts. Here, with "the help of his followers, he built a mo- "naſtery of the wood of the foreſt; but, at "firſt, it was no more than a group of "ſhabby huts. Every thing bore the "marks of extreme poverty: the croſs was "of wood, the cenſers of copper, and the "candle-ſticks of iron. All the ornaments "were of coarſe woolen or linnen. La- "bour was the only means of ſubſiſtence "with the monks of Citeaux. For many "years bread was their only food, and they "were often reduced to a ſcarcity of even "that."

In time this foreſt became a cultivated and flouriſhing eſtate, and the ſucceſſors of

the firſt proprietors were not only at their eaſe, but even rich. The monaſtery, which was at firſt but a clump of ill-ſhaped huts, built with the limbs of trees, bark and turf, was become a magnificent pile. The church was beautiful beyond deſcription. Inſtead of wood and copper and iron, the ſymbols of religion and the ſacred vaſes were now of gold, ſilver and precious ſtones. This abbey, at the time of the ſeizure by the Conſtituent Aſſembly, had an annual revenue of 120,000 French livres, or, about 6,000 pounds ſterling.

Now, I aſk any honeſt man; was this the property of the French nation, or not? By what rule of right, by what principle of law or juſtice, could this eſtate belong to any other than the *lawful* ſucceſſors of the firſt proprietors; that is to ſay, the poſſeſſors at the epoch of the ſeizure? No title ever framed by man could be ſo good as theirs. The community at Citeaux had never ceaſed to exiſt, nor for a ſingle moment ceaſed to keep poſſeſſion of their Abbey and and its dependencies. They had firſt obtained a lawful grant of the land, had cleared, cultivated, and enriched it; and had enjoyed an uninterrupted poſſeſſion during the ſpace of ſeven hundred and thirty two years? but, at the end of the *enlightened* eighteenth century, the *Age of Reaſon*, up ſtarts a horde

of lazy worthleſs ruffians, calling themſelves the nation, and lay claim to their eſtates!

Bulteau, in ſpeaking of St. Benedict, ſays: "The bodily labour ordered by this "wiſe founder, was a ſource of peace and "tranquility to the firſt monks, and of "opulence to their ſucceſſors. The mo-"naſteries were long an aſſylum to thoſe "chriſtians, who fled from the oppreſſions "of the Goths and Vandals. The little "learning that remained in the barbarous "and dark ages, was preſerved in the "cloiſters. It is to them we owe all the "moſt precious remains of antiquity, as "well as many modern inventions."—Indeed, under the great diſpoſer of all events, it is to them we owe that we are chriſtians; that we poſſeſs the word of God, our guide to eternal life. They not only preſerved this ineſtimable volume, but ſpread it in every country in the world. Without their agency, our anceſtors might have continued pagans; nay, we ourſelves, perhaps, might now have been ſacrificing our children in the hollow of a Wicker-Idol.—Every man of any reading knows, that the monaſteries have continued to enrich the world with learned and uſeful productions. Some of the writings that do the greateſt honour to

the French nation, and to the human mind, have iſſued from the cloiſter. And yet, we have ſeen theſe men robbed of their eſtates, ſtripped of even their furniture and their veſtments, driven from beneath their roofs, hunted like wild beaſts, and, what I am aſhamed to ſay, many of us have had the folly, or rather baſeneſs, to applaud their unprincipled and blood-thirſty purſuers*.

* I cannot help obſerving here, that theſe unjuſt and inhuman applauders have not always been confined to the mob. An "*Oration* on the *Progreſs of* "*Reaſon.*" delivered at a Public Commencement in the Univerſity of Cambridge, Maſſachuſetts, on the 18th of July, 1792, contains a phillipic againſt the injured French monarch and Clergy, the moſt illiberal that ever diſgraced the lips of a petulant ſelf-ſufficient pedant. The *Orator* diſcovers but little knowledge of any branch of his ſubject, and more particularly of the character of Louis XVI. of that of the French Clergy, and of the nature of the old government; againſt all which he runs on in a ſtrain of invective, more reſembling the brutal abuſiveneſs of Calvin, than any thing we ought to expect to hear from the chair of a ſeminary, at the cloſe of the "*enlightened* eighteenth century".—Like many others, this *Orator* looked upon the French Revolution as happily terminated; as the dawn of univerſal peace, liberty, and virtue: he has ſince had time to ſee his error, to ſee the effects of his "Progreſs of Reaſon," ſome of which I have related in the former part of this volume; If he be candid, therefore, he will publicly retract this error. If he ſhould not do this, I ſhall take the liberty, one of theſe days, of convincing him that he has erred.

We are told that the monks were become too rich. Indeed this was their great offence in the eyes of an Aſſembly, whoſe motto was: "War to the rich and peace "to the cottager." But we have ſeen that the foundation of theſe riches was laid by the labour of their predeceſſors, and we may obſerve that they were augmented, not by oppreſſion, as has been falſly aſſerted, but by a prudent management of their eſtates. Thoſe communities that cultivated their own lands, were noted for the excellent manner of their cultivation, and for the ſuperior quality of their produce; and thoſe that rented out their farms, let them at a low rate, ſo as to enable the farmer to enrich the land at the ſame time that he enriched himſelf. It was by ſuch means that their eſtates became the moſt valuable in the country, a circumſtance that poor ſhallow-headed Paine has brought againſt them as a heinous offence. They were gentle humane maſters and landlords: a man looked upon his fortune as made, when he became the tenant of a religious order.

And, how were theſe riches ſpent? Not in horſes and coaches; people ſhut up in a cloiſter had no uſe for theſe. Not in balls and plays: for there they could never appear. Not in rich attire and coſtly repaſts; for the greateſt part of them were clothed

worſe than common beggars, and were forbidden the uſe of meat, and even of wine, the common drink of their country. Their riches did not go to agrandize their families; becauſe, as no individual could poſſeſs any thing, ſo he could bequeath or diſpoſe of nothing. Who, then, profited from theſe riches?—Go aſk the poor, who were happy in the neighbourhood of their convents. Go aſk the aged, the infirm, the widow and the orphan. And, aſk them, too, what aid and conſolation they have received from the thieving philoſophers of the Revolution.

This charge of being *too rich*, is the moſt abſurd as well as the moſt vile that could poſſibly be invented. Do we ſay to a man, who has acquired an immenſe fortune by the labour of his father, or by any other means; you are *too rich*, and therefore your property belongs to the nation?—There is a community at Bethlehem, very much reſembling thoſe we have here been ſpeaking of. What ſhould we think of a ſcoundrel legiſlator, who ſhould propoſe to ſtrip theſe people of their property, and turn them out to beg their bread, merely becauſe the value of their lands is increaſed? Such was he who firſt propoſed the ſeizure of the church lands in France.

Some of the convents in France had been founded by lay perſons, upon ſuch and ſuch conditions; and, in caſe of failure on the part of the community, the property was to revert to the heirs of the donor. Foundations of this kind were exactly reſembling thoſe we frequently ſee among us, of hoſpitals, ſeminaries, &c. and the deeds were ſtill in exiſtence at the time of the ſeizure; but an Aſſembly that paid no reſpect to a right of preſcription, founded on a thouſand years of uninterrupted poſſeſſion, could not be expected to pay attention to the contents of a bit of old parchment.

We ought not to be aſtoniſhed at hearing the author of *The Age of Reaſon* attempt to juſtify this act of impudent fraud; but let us ſee how his doctrine would ſuit, if applied to ourſelves: for this is the only way to determine on its merits. Suppoſe (which God forbid!) the principles of the French Revolution ſhould be adopted by our Legiſlature, and they ſhould declare all the meeting houſes, ſeminaries, hoſpitals, &c. together with the eſtates which have been left for their ſupport, *the property of the nation*, how ſhould we receive this? Suppoſe an army of cut-throats ſhould be ſent to the Friends' Meeting-houſe and thruſt them out with the points of their bayonets; ſuppoſe another ſhould go to the epiſcopal church,

drive the congregation from the altar, ſtrip the miniſter of his caſſock, ſeize on the ſacramental cup, and turn the church into a ſtable; I aſk how ſhould we like this?—But, we are told, there is a vaſt difference; that the monks were ſuperſtitious drones, uſeleſs to ſociety.—Ah! let us beware. Let us take care not to condemn, becauſe we are proteſtants, a religion that differs from our own in form only; a religion that has yet more votaries than any other chriſtian profeſſion can boaſt of. And, as to the religious orders being uſeleſs to ſociety, we have no proofs of this, but ſtrong preſumptive ones of the contrary; for, we know, that France was great and happy, that it had been increaſing in extent, wealth and population, ſince the exiſtence of theſe communities. However, I can by no means take upon me to prove the public utility of the monaſtick life; nor is it neceſſary; for, if no man is to poſſeſs property, unleſs he can prove his utility to ſociety, I am afraid that few of us would be ſecure. How many hundreds of proprietors do we ſee, who are much *worſe* than uſeleſs to ſociety! Surely the public is as much benefited by a man who ſpends his life in a convent, as by one who ſpends it in a tavern, at a billiard-table, or in a play-houſe. Thouſands and thouſands there are who never worked a ſtroke,

nor ſtudied a ſingle hour; vegetating mortals, who ſeem to live only to eat and drink and be carried about. Yet we have never thought of ſeizing their eſtates. No; utility or inutility has nothing to do with the matter; the queſtion before us is a ſimple queſtion of right. Whether monks were neceſſary or uſeful in France, or not, we know there were ſuch people, and that they poſſeſſed property legally acquired; and, every honeſt man, capable of diſtinguiſhing between right and wrong, will hold in abhorrence the Aſſembly that dared to rob them of it.

When we hear of ſuch crying acts of injuſtice as this, we are naturally led to enquire who were the firſt promoters of them. The reader will be aſtoniſhed to hear, that the decree for this national robbery was firſt propoſed by a biſhop. Of a hundred and thirty eight French biſhops, there were only *four* to be found, who would give their approbation to this deed, and one of theſe four was he who propoſed the decree. The Abbé Barruel ſpeaks of him in the following terms: " The Aſſembly thought it high " time to conſumate their deſigns upon the " church, by ſeizing what ſtill remained of " its poſſeſſions, This meaſure was ſo evi- " dently contrary to every principle of juſ- " tice and common honeſty, that it was not

" eaſy to find a man ſo totally loſt to every " ſentiment of humanity as to bring it for- " ward. This ſecond Judas was at laſt " found in the college of the apoſtles. This " was *Taillerand Perigord*, biſhop of Au- " tun.—This Perigord poſſeſſed all the baſe- " neſs, all the vices of a Jew."—*See hiſt. of the French clergy, page* 15.

To obtain the ſanction of the people to this act, they were told, that the wealth of the church would not only pay off the national debt, but render taxes in future unneceſſary. No deception was ever ſo barefaced as this; but even this was not wanted; for the people themſelves had already begun to taſte the ſweets of plunder. Avarice tempted the trading part of the nation to approve of the meaſure. At the time of paſſing the decree they were ſeen among the firſt to applaud it. They ſaw an eaſy means of obtaining thoſe fine rich eſtates, the poſſeſſion of which they had, perhaps, long coveted. In vain were they told, that the purchaſer would partake in the infamy of the robbery; that, if the title of the communities could not render property ſecure, that ſame property could never be ſecure under any title the plunderers could give. In vain were they told, that in ſanctioning the ſeiſure of the wealth of others, they were ſanctioning the ſeiſure of their

own, whenever that all-devouring monſter, the ſovereign people, ſhould call on them for it. In vain were they told all this: they purchaſed: they ſaw with pleaſure the plundered clergy driven from their dwellings; but ſcarcely had they taken poſſeſſion of their ill-gotten wealth, when not only that, but the remains of their other property were wrenched from them. Since that we have ſeen decree upon decree launched forth againſt the rich: their account books have been ſubmitted to public examination; they have been obliged to give drafts for the funds they poſſeſſed even in foreign countries; all their letters have been intercepted and read. How many hundreds of them have we ſeen led to the ſcaffold, merely becauſe they were proprietors of what their ſovereign ſtood in need of! theſe were acts of unexampled tyranny; but, as they reſpected the perſons who applauded the ſeizure of the eſtates of the church, they were perfectly juſt. Several of theſe avaricious purchaſers have been murdered within the walls of thoſe buildings, whence they had aſſiſted to drive the lawful proprietors: this was juſt: it was the meaſure they had meted to others. They ſhared the fate of the injured clergy, without ſharing the pity which that fate excited. When dragged

forth to ſlaughter in their turn, they were left without even the right of complaining: the laſt ſtab of the aſſaſſin was accompanied with the cutting reflection, that it was juſt.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, as it is, perhaps, the moſt ſtriking and moſt awful example of the conſequences of a violation of property, that the world ever ſaw. Let it ſerve to warn all thoſe who wiſh to raiſe their fortunes on the ruin of others, that, ſooner or later, their own turn muſt come. From this act of the Conſtituent Aſſembly we may date the violation, in France, of every right that men ought to hold dear. Hence the ſeizure of all gold and ſilver as the property of the nation: hence the law preventing the ſon to claim the wealth of his father: hence the abominable tyranny of requiſitions; and hence thouſands and thouſands of the murders, that have diſgraced unhappy France.

Since the ſeizure of the church-eſtates, there has not, in fact, been any ſuch thing as private property in France; for, though the Conſtituent Aſſembly did not paſs a decree of this import, they knew perfectly well how to paſs decrees and eſtabliſh regulations amounting to the ſame thing. Some of their enormous contributions on the rich, were called *patriotic gifts*; but he who refuſed to pay the *gift* inſerted in the liſt, knew

he had but a few hours to live. The money and jewels, depoſited at the bar of the Aſſembly and on the altar of the country, amounted to immenſe ſums. Theſe were held out as a proof of a general approbation of their meaſures; but had the Aſſembly been candid, they would have confeſſed, that theſe offerings were the pure effect of fear, of a panic that had ſeized all the proprietors in the nation, and that each giver's hatred to their cauſe might be meaſured by the ſum he depoſited. It was not a grateful free-will offering, but a ſacrifice, that the trembling wretch came to offer at the ſhrine of tyranny, in order to ſave his houſe from the flames, or his own head, or that of ſome dear relation or parent, from the ſcaffold. Could a man, reduced to acts like this, be ſaid to *poſſeſs* any thing?

The ſucceſſors of the Conſtituent Aſſembly laid aſide the maſk, as no longer neceſſary. On the 13th of March, 1794, all the Merchants of Bourdeaux (known for one of the moſt infamouſly patriotic towns in the kingdom) were arreſted in one day, and condemned, in preſence of the guillotine, to a fine of *one hundred millions* of French livres, upwards of *four millions ſterling*. On the 18th of April, the rich Banker, La Borde, after having *purchaſed his life eight times*, was guillotined, and the re-

mainder of his riches confiſcated. On the 10th of May, twenty ſeven rich Farmers-General were executed, becauſe they had amaſſed riches under the monarchy. Finally, on the 27th of June, all property, of whatever deſcription, was decreed *to belong to the nation*, and was put in a ſtate of requiſition accordingly, as the *perſons* of the whole of the inhabitants had been before.

The milk-and-water admirers of the Conſtituent Aſſembly pretend to be ſhocked at theſe meaſures; but, what are theſe meaſures more than an improvement on thoſe of that Aſſembly? The progreſs was not only natural, but even neceſſary to the ſupport of the revolution. Had there been ſtill church-eſtates to ſeize, und monks to murder, it is probable, that the tyrants, who have ſucceeded the Conſtituent Aſſembly, would not have ſurpaſſed their predeceſſors; but, that ſource being exhauſted, they were obliged to find out others, or return to order and obedience. And, I ſhould be glad to know, if the property of one individual, or one ſociety, was become the property of the ſovereign people by virtue of a decree of one Aſſembly, why the ſame claim ſhould not be made to the property of other individuals, or other ſocieties. Nor can I believe, whatever Atheiſts and

Deiſts may ſay to the contrary, that it was any more unjuſt to guillotine Bankers and Merchants, or even *members of the Conſtituent Aſſembly*, than to guillotine or maſſacre poor, defenceleſs, friendleſs Prieſts. There is ſuch an intimate connection between the ſecurity of property, and that of the perſon to whom that property belongs, that one can never be ſaid to be ſafe, while the other is in danger. Tyrant princes, tyrant aſſemblies, or tyrant mobs, when once they are ſuffered to take away with impunity the property of the innocent man, will feel little ſcruple at taking away his life alſo. Robbery and murder are the natural auxiliaries of each other, and, with a people rendered ferocious and hardened by an infidel ſyſtem that removes all fear of an hereafter, they muſt for ever be inſeparable.

Before the decree was paſſed for the aſſumption of the eſtates of the regular clergy, every calumny that falſhood could invent, and every vexation that Tyranny could enforce, were employed to debaſe the whole body of the clergy and the religion they taught. Songs and caricatures were ſung, or hawked about, by ſhameleſs ſtrumpets in the pay of the Aſſembly. In theſe not only the clerical functions and the lives of the clergy were ridiculed, but even the life of

Jeſus Chriſt and the Virgin Mary. The *Incarnation* of our Saviour became the ſubject of a *farce*, in the ſmutty language of Pariſian fiſh-women. Who were the characters in this farce, I leave the ſhuddering reader to conceive.

A decree, in form of an *invitation*,* was iſſued, for bringing the gold and ſilver from the churches to the mint. It was well known, that there were none of theſe metals in the churches, except the vaſes, the crucifixes, and other ſymbols, hitherto held ſacred. What an effect the coining up of theſe muſt have on the minds of the giddy multitude, is not difficult to imagine. Many, however, even of the moſt depraved, felt a momentary horror; but this horror the Aſſembly knew how to do away. Hundreds, I might ſay thouſands, of abandoned ſcriblers were employed to propagate the new principles. Their little filthy ditties were ſpread through all the departments, *at the expence of the nation.* Some of theſe

* " Invitationsfrom ſuperiors," ſays ſome one, " ſavour ſtrongly of commands." This was ſo much the caſe in the preſent inſtance, that the prieſt who dared to diſobey, was ſure to expiate his diſobedience with his life. The magiſtrates often entered the church and ſeized the chalices on the altar, during the celebration of the maſs. Such are revolutionary *invitations.*

were catechiſms in rhyme, in which the Conſtitution was ſubſtituted for God, the Aſſembly for the ſaints, and both recommended to the adoration of the French patriots. The journal, or Letter, as it was called, of *Pere du Chêne*, written by one Hebert, and of which it is ſaid fifty thouſand copies were ſtruck off daily, was ſent into the towns and villages by the carriers of the decrees of the Aſſembly. This Hebert, whoſe Strumpet has ſince been adored at Paris, as the Goddeſs of *Reaſon*, was a profeſſed atheiſt. His journal contained the moſt outrageous abuſe of all that was reſpectable and ſacred, interlarded with oaths and execrations without number. I have one now before me, which has for title: "*Lettre du veritable Pere du Chêne, bougrement patriotic.*" in Engliſh: "Letter "of the true Father du Chêne b—gerly "patriotic;" I would here inſert an extract from this letter; but, I truſt I ſhall be believed, when I ſay, the contents are fully anſwerable to the title. Such were the agents of Condorcet and his colleagues: thus did they corrupt the morals of the people; thus did they lead them from one degree of vice to another; thus were they hardened up to rob and to murder; and thus

did the boaſted Conſtituent Aſſembly lay the foundation of all thoſe horrors we have ſince heard of.

The magiſtrates in the different municipalities, choſen from the ſcum of the nation, diſtributed theſe infernal writings among the people in their precincts, and particularly among the young people. If, by chance, ſome magiſtrate was found, too ſcrupulous to execute their will, means were ſoon invented to get rid of him. Some pretext or other was never wanting to excite the mob to put an end to him and his reſiſtance. Chatel, Mayor of St. Denys was one of this deſcription. The mob were told that this man was the cauſe of the dearneſs of bread. They flew to his houſe, and obliged him to reduce the price according to their will; though it was well known, that he had not the power to reduce it at all unleſs at his own expence. The rabble were diſperſing; but they had not fulfilled the bloody wiſhes of the revolutionary agents, who had nothing leſs in view than the lowering of the price of bread. They were inſtigated to return to the unfortunate magiſtrates. Firſt, they attempted to hang him; but, wearied with his reſiſtance, one of them took out his knife, and cut his head partly off, while ſeveral others pricked him with their bayonets. The unhappy

victim was ſtill alive after the back of his neck was cut aſſunder, and was heard to groan out: "*for heaven's ſake kill me! kill* "*me! you make me ſuffer too long!*"—The ſanguinary villain, who had begun to cut his head off, now threw away his knife, and borrowed that of his comrade, with which he finiſhed the work. When he found that his own knife was not ſufficient, he ſaid, with a cool indifference: "*lend me your* "*knife, for mine is not worth a curſe.*" That which was lent him was a little two-penny knife with a wooden handle.—During this time, other aſſaſſins gave him ſeveral ſtabs, with their knives, in the belly and ſtomach; one of them turned his knife ſlowly in the flank of the dying man, and ſaid to him, laughing: "*Does that enter well? Don't* "*you find the day-light peep into you?*"—He at laſt expired, after the moſt inconceivable torments. His body was dragged along the ſtreets of St. Denys with his head tied to his feet.—A reſolution of the town has ſince declared him innocent of any offence whatever: he had given abundant aſſiſtance to the poor the winter before: the diminution he had juſt made in the price of bread was at his own expence; and this barbarous puniſhment was his recompence. His wife went diſtracted, and has ever ſince been in a mad-houſe. His aſſaſſins obtained pardon

from the Aſſembly, a circumſtance much leſs ſurpriſing, than that they ſhould think it neceſſary to aſk it. *See du Gour's Memoire*, page 57.

Examples of this kind, and ſuch were wanting in very few parts of the country, could not fail to inſure an implicit obedience on the part of the magiſtrates.

The debaſement of religion was nearly completed by the public ſale of the ſuppreſſed churches and monaſteries. The groſſeſt indecency preſided at all theſe demoniac ſcenes. When the vile agent of the Aſſembly, hammer in hand, had exhauſted his auctioneer rhetoric, in recommending a church as an excellent barn, ſtable, or playhouſe, it was knocked down to the baſe and avaricious ſpeculator, while the hireling mob ſhouted applauſe. The church of St. Aldegonde at St. Omers (I love to cite inſtances) the higheſt in that ancient town, and for hundreds of years the pride of its inhabitants, was ſold to a *Jew* of Dunkirk, for the pitiful ſum of 20,000 French livres in aſſignats, not more than 200 pounds ſterling; not half the coſt of one of the pillars. This beautiful edifice by the ſpire of which the town was known at a great diſtance, had been choſen for deſtruction, that the humiliation of religion might be the more ſtriking. It met with ſuch treatment as

might be expected from the hands of an infidel. Its lofty ſpire was tumbled to the earth in leſs than a month: the body of the church was turned into a ropewalk, and the *Jew* proprietor, to complete the degradation of Chriſtianity, left a repreſentation of the Lord's Supper uneffaced in the chancel. What muſt be the grief, what the indignation of the thinking and pious part of the inhabitants of St. Omers, thus to ſee their favourite church, the ſanctuary of their God, and the God of their fathers, delivered, for a bundle of depreciated paper-money, into the hands of a deſcendant of the murderers of him, to whoſe worſhip it was conſecrated!

To give the reader a juſt idea of the ribaldry of the ſcenes of brutal impiety, exhibited at the pillage of the convents, is totally impoſſible. A dozen or two of carts rattling along with a commiſſary at their head, followed by an eſcort of ragamuffins, decorated with a bit of three coloured ribbon, and armed with hammers, axes, crow-bars and ſpades, generally formed the corps for ſuch an expedition. Hardly were the doors opened when the vaults rang with their hammering and their oaths. In a few hours the whole was gutted. The decorations of the altar, the prieſt's veſtments, ſtatues, pictures, books, manuſcripts, the moſt precious pieces of antiquity, the productions of long and

laborious lives of ſtudy, were hauled away as ſo much rubbiſh. The paintings on the doors, walls, ceilings, and other fixtures, were effaced or disfigured; the fury of the *enlightened* ruffians deſcended even to the graves of the deceaſed fathers.

At the expulſion of the nuns, the conduct of the revolutioniſts, was, if poſſible, ſtill more ſwiniſh, and cruel. While the gibing commiſſary pulled aſide their veils to examine their faces, his blackguard attendants congratulated them on the *pleaſures* they were going to enjoy in the world, and this in a language calculated to raiſe a bluſh on the cheek of a common ſtreet-walker. They ſeemed to enjoy their tears, and even to make ſome ſacrifices to augment them. Had any one a piece of needle-work which ſhe wiſhed to preſerve, it was rent to pieces before her face. A ſinging bird that had the misfortune to have been the companion of the ſolitary hours of its miſtreſs, was ſure to be taken from her and killed. To theſe dejected and defenceleſs females, every inſult and indignity was offered, not forgetting the laſt of which beaſtly libertines can be guilty.

In a country where the crucifix was ſent to the mint, where churches were put up at auction; where the half-worn caſſock, the ſurplice, and the veil, made part of the aſſortment of a dealer in old-cloths, and were

expoſed to public ſale on the market-place; where the miniſters of the goſpel were ſcoffed at, reviled, and frequently murdered with as little ceremony as one would kill a dog; where the moſt daring blaſphemies were uttered and publiſhed and ſpread through the country, not only with the permiſſion of its governors, but by their direction; in a country where all this was practiſed, religion could not be of long duration. Religion, and even the Catholic religion, did, however, ſtill ſubſiſt in France, at leaſt, in *form*. The Aſſembly had as yet paſſed no poſitive decree for its abolition. They had robbed the church, had ſtripped its altars, and degraded its miniſters; but ſtill the moſt pious and active of thoſe miniſters were left in the exerciſe of their functions. The parochial clergy, though deprived of the tithes, had a ſtipend allowed them. They yet remained with their pariſhioners, many of whom, indeed nearly all the elderly and ſober part of them, continued as firmly attached to their paſtors, as at any former period.

Things were not ſuffered to remain long in this ſtate. The Conſtituent Aſſembly well knew, that they and religion could never exiſt for any length of time in the ſame country. The parochial clergy were

men of talents and induſtry. They generally decided all the little diſputes between their pariſhioners; to which amicable capacity, they often joined that of phyſician or ſurgeon; and theſe their beneficent ſervices were always rendered without fee or reward. Even the atheiſts and deiſts themſelves had repeatedly acknowledged their virtuous modeſty, and the great utility they were of to the community at large. Such a body of men, immoveably attached to the religion they taught, was truly formidable to the new tyrants. Religion had received a ſevere blow; but, if theſe men retained their cures, it might recover. Nay, what was ſtill more dreadful, the monarchy itſelf might recover along with it; and it is not difficult to conceive, how an idea like this muſt haunt the minds of the pupils of the ſavage and impious Diderot, who hoped to ſee "the laſt of kings ſtrangled with the "guts of the laſt of prieſts." In ſhort, the parochial clergy, were the only men on earth they had now to fear, and theſe they got rid of by a ſtratagem worthy of an Aſſembly, the leaders of which joined to the moſt hardened wickedneſs, the profoundeſt diſſimulation.

They laid aſide the *Rights of Man*, together with the famous conſtitution, from which they took the adjunct to their name,

and which we have ſince ſeen burnt by the hands of the common hangman (or rather common guillotiner) in that very city of Paris, where it had been iſſued amidſt the applauſes and even adorations of the populace. They laid aſide the diſcuſſion of this inſtrument of ſhort-lived and ridiculous memory, to draw up another, which they were pleaſed to call, "the Civil Conſtitution of the Clergy." They were conſtitution mad, abſolutely frantic.

It might be ſufficient to ſay of this latter conſtitution, that it was juſt as ſubverſive of religion as their other conſtitution was of every principle of government and ſound policy. They knew it to be in direct oppoſition to the very nature of the catholic religion: yet they had the aſſurance to tell the people, that it was not; they even went ſo far as to proteſt, that they would live and die in the religion of their forefathers, at the very moment when they were taking the ſureſt meaſure in the world for deſtroying it. They were led to this hypocritical declaration from a fear that the body of the people were not yet ripe for a total abolition of religion, and, as we ſhall ſee in the ſequel, this fear was not entirely unfounded. By perſuading the people, that nothing was intended againſt their faith, they had an additional handle againſt the clergy, by repre-

ſenting them as unfriendly to their "Civil Conſtitution," merely becauſe it was neceſſary to the ſupport of the *Rights of Man*.

This inſtrument did not, however, paſs into a law, without conſiderable reſiſtance. There were yet ſome honeſt and virtuous men even among the members of the Conſtituent Aſſembly. Theſe had remained with them, not to aid in overturning the government, and effecting the dreadful revolution that has ſince rendered the country a ſlaughter-houſe, but to oppoſe the deſtructive meaſures of the philoſophers, and, if poſſible ſave the ſinking ſtate. At the head of theſe was the learned and eloquent Abbé Maury. He oppoſed this "Civil Conſtitution," with all the powers of reaſoning and all the charms of eloquence: but it was caſting pearls before ſwine. When was an atheiſt open to conviction. The decree paſſed, and was ſoon after followed by another, obliging the clergy to ſwear to obſerve and maintain the "Civil Conſtitution." This oath they could not take without breaking that which they had taken at entering into the prieſthood; and that the Aſſembly had every reaſon to ſuppoſe they would not do. Whether they did or not, however, the end of their tyrants was anſwered: if they refuſed, they were to be driven from their livings; if they complied,

they muſt be looked upon as apoſtates, and be deſerted by all thoſe who were ſtill attached to them. In either caſe the tottering remains of religion muſt come to the ground. The clergy, and indeed the whole nation, and all Europe, ſaw the real object of this inhuman and impious decree; but the Aſſembly, ſurrounded with their *enlightened* myrmidons, the Pariſian mob, bid defiance to earth and heaven.

Generally ſpeaking, the clergy were reſolved not to take the oath. "Loſe no "time," ſaid the Abbé Maury, "in the de-"livery of your challenge. By ſhedding "our blood you may ingratiate yourſelves "with your conſtituents. Loſe, then, not "a ſingle moment. Your victims are here; "they are ready. To their torments add "not that of ſuſpence. Why not vote at "once for our execution, glut your hatred, "and quench for a little your thirſt for "blood? Haſten, I ſay, while the power "is in your hands; for remember, I now "foretell, *your reign will be of ſhort dura-*"*tion.*"

This prophetic addreſs, which we have ſeen ſo fully verified, ſerved only to inflame. Eight days only were given the clergy to determine on compliance or refuſal, during which no ſtratagem that baſe and degene-

rate tyranny could deviſe, was left uneſſayed to intimidate them. This was ever their practice, when they had an important blow to ſtrike. Rochefoucauld, formerly a duke, declared, at the time the decree for the ſeizure of the monaſteries was under deliberation, that "*the lives of the biſhops and "priests, in the Aſſembly, depended upon the "paſſing of it;*" and, in order to ſilence all thoſe who oppoſed it, a liſt of their names was ſtuck up on the walls, with a promiſe of a reward of "twelve hundred livres *to "any patriot, who would aſſaſſinate them.*" According to this laudable cuſtom, this inſtance of French liberty, when the day for taking the oath, or, as it was well termed, "the for-ſwearing day" arrived, the Aſſembly took care to call in the aid of the fiſh-women and mob. "*To the lamp-poſt with "the non-juring biſhops and prieſts!*" was echoed from the ſtreets and the galleries. The ruffians were prepared for murder, and were howling for their prey, like ſo many wolves round a ſheep-fold.

Let the reader imagine himſelf in the ſituation of one of theſe unfortunate clergymen: an oath of apoſtacy before him, and a halter behind his back, and then let him give me his opinion of the *rights of man.*

This did not intimidate the clergy, only thirty of whom could be prevailed on to ſubmit, and theſe were already known to have abandoned their religion. When the oath was tendered to the biſhop of Agen: "Gentlemen," ſays he, "I lament not the "loſs of my fortune; but there is another "loſs which I ſhould ever lament; the loſs "of your eſteem and my faith. I could "not fail to loſe both, if I took the oath "now propoſed to me." The old biſhop of Poitiers, fearing he might loſe ſo fair an opportunity of bearing teſtimony of his ſincerity, advanced to the tribune, and calling on the preſident to command ſilence; "Gentlemen," ſaid he, "I am ſeventy "years old; I have been thirty years a bi-"ſhop: I will never diſgrace my gray hairs "by an oath of apoſtacy." Upon this manly declaration of the reverend old prelate, the clergy roſe from their ſeats, thanked him for his example, and told the Aſſembly he had expreſſed their unanimous ſentiments.

Not being a Roman Catholic, I hope I ſhall be excuſed, when I freely declare, that I much queſtion, whether the miniſters of any proteſtant communion, in a moment ſo terrible, ſurrounded with aſſaſſins and without a ſingle friend, would have ſhown ſuch a noble intrepidity. "They have

"loſt their money," ſaid the profligate Mirabeau on this occaſion, "*but they have "ſaved their honour.*"* And, if this was

* Doctor Prieſtley (Faſt Sermon of 1794, page 46.) ſays: "When I was myſelf in France in 1774, "I ſaw ſufficient reaſon to believe, that *hardly any per-* "*ſon of eminence*, in *church* or ſtate, and eſpecially in "the leaſt degree eminent in *philoſophy*, or literature, "was a believer in chriſtianity; and no perſon will "ſuppoſe, that there has been any change in favour "of chriſtianity *in the laſt twenty years*"—The Doctor will allow, I ſuppoſe, that biſhops are "perſons of *eminence* in the *church*;" if he does, it will appear that he knew but very little of thoſe of the French church, and that he formed a very raſh opinion (to ſay the beſt of it) concerning their belief in chriſtianity; for, of *one hundred and thirty eight* biſhops, only four, namely, Taillerand, Brienne, Jarante, and Gobet, took the oath of apoſtacy. But, he will ſay: I meant, "thoſe *eminent* in *philoſophy* "and literature." Ah! eminent in *philoſophy!* here he is right: No, no; not one of the *philoſophical divines* believed in chriſtianity; they looked upon Chriſt, as the Unitarians do; that is, as a ſort of "teacher:" but, to the honour of the French biſhops, there were but four of theſe philoſophers amongſt them. As to the other *hundred and thirty*, if they have not given a proof of their belief, I ſhould be glad to know from the Doctor, what proof he will pleaſe to be ſatisfied with.—Their refuſal to take the oath could be dictated by nothing but their belief in chriſtianity, and their determination not to diſhonour it. Had not this been the caſe, they would have taken the oath, and preſerved their fortunes. They were in a country were the mob do not, like thoſe of Birmingham, content themſelves with the

the caſe, what had the Aſſembly done? If, to *preſerve honour*, it was neceſſary to refuſe an obedience to their decrees, what ſort of decrees muſt thoſe be?

The Aſſembly were diſconcerted by this firm reſiſtance on the part of the clergy? they knew the clergy in general would never take the oath, but they did not imagine

execution of an *effigy*; they execute the perſon. Yet they remained at their poſt: they did not *decamp in diſguiſe*. Even if they eſcaped the knives of the cut-throats, they knew that poverty, beggary, a lingering exiſtence, muſt be the price of their refuſal. They could not *bring an action againſt the city of Paris*: no *damages* are granted by a jury in that country. They could not *preach and prate againſt the government* with impunity? they could not *transfer their property*, and *emigrate in open day*. There are ſuch things as national guards, municipalities, paſſports, halters, daggers, knives, drowning-boats, and *the rights of man*, in France. We have ſince ſeen ſeveral of theſe biſhops, or men "of eminence in the church," refuſe with the bloody poignard at their breaſts, to take this oath. Would they have done this, had they been what Doctor Prieſtley has repreſented them to be? would they have done this, had they been atheiſts, or deiſts? nay, would they have done this, had they been *Unitarians!* If we are to judge from the conduct of the Doctor, they would not.—I will not take upon me to ſay, that the philoſophical political divine meant to propagate an attrocious calumny by this ſermon of his: I ſhall only obſerve, that the ſermon was preached long after the French biſhops had given theſe undeniable proofs of their faith and ſincerity.

that thoſe amongſt themſelves, would, amidſt the vociferations of their cannibals, have the courage to give ſuch a poſitive denial. For a moment they felt abaſhed; but they were gone too far to think of retreating. The apoſtate Abbé Gregoire, whom we have ſince ſeen amongſt the organizers of a pagan feſtival, was, on this occaſion choſen to convince the clergy, that the oath might be taken, without any violation of their faith. After this, in order to deprive the clergy of an opportunity of defending their opinions in oppoſition to the oath, they were ordered to advance and take it at once. This decree had no effect: not a man advanced. Now the matter was brought to a point: the decree for enforcing the oath muſt be repealed, or the clergy muſt be driven from their livings, and thoſe in the Aſſembly from their ſeats. It is hardly neceſſary to ſay that the latter was adopted: one tyrannical meaſure is the natural and inevitable conſequence of another.

A decree was now paſſed for the expulſion of all the non-juring biſhops and prieſts, and for the chooſing of others in their ſtead. From this day, it may be ſaid, there was no ſuch thing as an eſtabliſhed religion in France. The ax had long been laid to the root of the tree; it was ready to fall, and this ſtroke levelled it with the earth.

Had the diſpute been about this or that tenet; had the oath been impoſed with an intention of exchanging one religion for another, the caſe would have been different; the expulſion might have taken place without any very conſiderable injury to the morals of the people. But, the ſtruggle was that of religion againſt irreligion, that of chriſtianity againſt atheiſm.

It was (I hope it is ſo no longer) the opinion of Doctor Prieſtley, and many other *philoſophical divines*, that *any change whatever* was preferable to the continuation of the catholic religion in France. There is a paſſage in Moore's journal, which contains ſo complete an anſwer to every thing theſe gentlemen have advanced on this ſubject, that I am ſurpriſed, conſidering the principles of the journaliſt and his companion Lauderdale, that it ever found a place in that volume.

The Doctor, being at Abbeville, met with a proteſtant clergyman, whom he congratulated on the deliverance of himſelf and his brethren, from the vexation of Romiſh perſecution. The clergyman ſeemed to lament, that along with the ſpirit of perſecution, that of religion daily diminiſhed. "Upon which," ſays the Doctor, "I obſerved that, as nothing could be more "oppoſite to true religion than a ſpirit of

" perſecution, the former, it was to be
" hoped, would return without the latter;
" but, in the mean time, the proteſtants
" were happy in not only being tolerated
" in the exerciſe of their religion, but alſo
" on being rendered capable of enjoying
" every privilege and advantage which the
" catholics themſelves enjoy.

" We are not allowed thoſe advantages,
" reſumed the clergyman, from any regard
" they bear to our religion, but from a to-
" tal indifference of their own.

" Whatever may be the caſe, replied I,
" the effect is the ſame with regard to you.

" No, ſaid he, the effect might be bet-
" ter, not only with reſpect to us, but to
" all France; for the ſpirit of perſecution
" might have diſappeared, without an in-
" difference for all religion coming in its
" place: and in that caſe there would have
" been more probability of the true reli-
" gion gaining ground; for it is eaſier to
" draw men from an erroneous doctrine
" to a true one, than to impreſs the truths
" of religion on minds which deſpiſe all
" religion whatever.

" But, although you may not be able
" to make converts of them, I replied, ſtill
" you may live happy among them, in the
" quiet poſſeſſion of your own religion and
" all your other advantages.

"I doubt it much, reſumed he; being "perſuaded that, in a country where re- "ligious ſentiments are effaced from the "minds of the bulk of the people, crimes "of the deepeſt guilt will prevail in ſpite "of all the reſtraints of law."

How fully, alas! has the opinion of this good clergyman been confirmed! here we ſee a man living upon the ſpot, a Frenchman and a proteſtant, lamenting the decay of the catholic religion, and trembling for the conſequences. This man plainly perceived the drift of the philoſophical legiſlators: he ſaw that the deſtruction of all religion was their object, while they pretended to be correcting its abuſes. Very far was he from ſaying, with our zealous reformers, that "any change was "preferable to the continuation of popery," and yet, I think, we ought to allow him to be as much intereſted in a change, and as good a judge of its conveniences and inconveniences, as perſons on this ſide the ſea; except, indeed, that he might not be *enlightened* by the rays of modern philoſophy.*

* Some of the French proteſtants, however, differed widely from this good man. The Calviniſts of Nimes began maſſacreing the Catholics at an early period of the revolution, under the pretext that they

From this digreſſion we muſt return to the expulſed clergy. The pariſh prieſts generally followed the example of their biſhops in refuſing to take the oath. Others were, of courſe, appointed to replace them. *Talleyrand Perigorde*, whom we have ſeen propoſing the aſſumption of the church-eſtates, was now become a ſort of Pope to the modern church, and was buſily employed, laying *unholy hands* on the heads of the new biſhops. *Gobet*, one of the four bi-

were *ariſtocrats*. About ſix hundred perſons, of both ſexes and of all ages, were butchered in their houſes, in the ſtreets and public ſquares, before they could even ſuſpect their danger. Theſe monſters attacked the convent of the Capuchins, forced it open, and purſued the venerable fathers to their dormitories and cells. Five of them were left weltering in their blood at the altar's foot. One of theſe a very old man, craved five minutes while he committed his ſoul to God. The cool and deliberate villains granted his requeſt. The intended butcher held a piſtol in one hand and a watch in the other, and, when the five minutes were expired, ſhot him through the head. *See Hiſt. of the French Clergy, page* 71. *French edition.*

This fact fully proves, that proteſtants can be as cruel as catholics. Let us not, then, imagine that we are ſecure from events of this kind, merely becauſe the catholic religion is not eſtabliſhed here. It was not a zeal for the Calviniſtical religion that led the proteſtants of Nimes to commit theſe acts of barbarity: their knives were pointed, not againſt catholics, as ſuch, but as *ariſtocrats*.

ſhops who had forſworn themſelves, was rewarded for his apoſtacy by the biſhoprick of Paris. Vagabond philoſophical abbés, who had never been able to obtain admittance into the prieſthood under the old government, were now not only accepted, but ſought after. To theſe were added the ſecular prieſts and monks who had apoſtatized. Even the wretches who had been expulſed from their cures, or orders, for irregular or criminal conduct, were now called in from Germany and the low-countries. What a ſight muſt it be, to thoſe who yet preſerved ſome reſpect for their religion and their country, to ſee theſe ſtrollers, with their ſtrumpets at their heels, returning to take on them the care of the morals and ſouls of a numerous people! after all, the number of apoſtates was inſufficient: a great many pariſhes remained without any prieſt at all.

The inſtallment of the new prieſts was commonly, not to ſay always, attended with tumult and violence. Many of their predeceſſors were knocked down, ſtabbed, or ſhot, at their church doors, the day, or day after, they had refuſed to conform. The prieſt of the village of Spet-Saux, while he was explaining to his pariſhioners his reaſons for refuſing to take the oath, received

a muſket ball in his breaſt, and tumbled dead from the pulpit into the aiſle.

Where there was no reſiſtance but on the part of the prieſt, an aſſaſſination put an end to the ſtruggle; but, in ſome places, the reſiſtance was more general. The pariſhioners were divided; one part the champions of the apoſtate, and the other, thoſe of the old prieſt. Church time was the moment for deciding theſe diſputes, and the Church-yard the field of action. Theſe affrays were often bloody; victory ſometimes leaned to the ſide of juſtice; but, as the apoſtate appeared in perſon at the head of his troops, as he had the young people generally on his ſide, and always the mob and municipal officers, with their national guards, he ſeldom failed to keep the field. Some of theſe wretches have been ſeen conducted to the altar to the ſound of drums and trumpets, at the very moment when their partizans were murdering on the outſide of the church.

The expelling of the parochial clergy tried the real ſentiments of the body of the French people more than any one act of their tyrants ever did, before or ſince. Generally ſpeaking, the trial was honourable to them; for, if we except Paris, and ſome other places immediately under the influence of the revolutionary clubs, they wiſh-

ed to retain their ancient paſtors, and did not ſcruple to declare that wiſh, notwithſtanding the vociferations of hundreds of mob in the pay of the Aſſembly; notwithſtanding all theſe petty aſſemblies of ſubaltern tyrants, called municipal officers, who came to order them to receive an apoſtate, *in the name of the law*; notwithſtanding thouſands of ſpies and aſſaſſins, ever ready to betray and murder them; in ſpite of all theſe, whole pariſhes flocked round their prieſts, preſſed them to continue, followed them to the fields, and left the apoſtates to ſay maſs to the bare walls. Many of the latter, though they continued to receive the revolutionary ſalary for upwards of two years, never could boaſt of above three or four voluntary hearers.

Wherever this obſtinate attachment to religion appeared, the Aſſembly knew how to make the refractory feel their authority. True tyrants, they ſuffered no one to thwart their will with impunity. Property, honour, conſcience, all muſt yield to their ſultanic decrees!

Condorcet, the atheiſt Condorcet, propoſed flagellation; and this was pretty commonly inflicted on the women and children who aſſiſted at the maſſes of the non-juring clergy. The Abbé Barruel (page 79 of the

French edition) tells us, that three ſiſters of one of the Charity-houſes at Paris, expired under the rods of the aſſaſſins. Ungrateful monſters! the lives of theſe women had been totally devoted to the ſervice of the ſick, the lame and the blind. By their vow they were excluded from the pleaſures of the world, without being excluded from its pains. They had made a voluntary ſurrender of all they poſſeſſed, had aſſumed the garb, and ſubmitted to the auſterities of the monaſtic life, in order to devote themſelves to the mournful occupation of attending on the *poor* who laboured under infirmities. It was ſaid, they did this to ſecure themſelves, a place in heaven; and moſt certainly they took the ſureſt way. I feel a reluctance to call ſuch people *ſuperſtitious*; for, if they were ſo, their ſuperſtition was of a moſt amiable kind, and ſurely nothing ſhort of the principles of this helliſh revolution could have hardened the hearts of men to ſcourge them to death, and that merely becauſe they would not diſgrace themſelves by receiving the ſacrament from the contaminated hands of an apoſtate.

It were endleſs to enumerate all the different ſorts of perſecution exerciſed againſt thoſe who remained attached to their religion. Little children were beaten half to death; the hair and ears of women were

cut off; they were mounted on aſſes, and led about in the moſt unſeemly and ſhocking guiſe. The inſtance of John Cantabel deſerves particular notice. Cantabel was an honeſt peaſant, ſincerely attached to the religion of his fathers. He happened to have a little catechiſm which had been publiſhed by the non-juring clergy; it was found in his houſe; and this was a ſufficient crime. A committee of municipal officers ordered the catechiſm to be burnt; a great fire was made; Cantabel was brought forth, and commanded to throw the book into it. "No," ſays the heroic peaſant, "it contains the principles of my religion; "it has been my guide and my comfort, "and it now gives me the courage to tell "you, that I will never commit it to the "flames." Upon this he was threatened, but ſtill he remained reſolute. One of the ruffians ſeized a flaming torch, and held it under his hand. "Burn on," ſaid he, "you may burn not only my hand, but "my whole body, before I will do any "thing to diſhonour my religion." He was afterwards mounted on a horſe, his back to the head, and the tail in his hand, and was thus conducted about amidſt the ſhouts of the rabble. The vile wretches, when tired with their ſport, ſuffered him to creep home, more dead than alive.—This is the *liberty of*

conſcience in the "*Age of Reaſon!*" This is the *toleration* we might expect from atheiſts, from theſe infidel philoſophers, who are continually exclaiming againſt the prejudices of their forefathers, and againſt the ſad effects of bigotry and religious zeal. In the cant of theſe *enlightened* reformers, this peaſant was a *fanatic*, an *ariſtocrat*, a *rebel to the law*, and, as ſuch, they will tell you that he was worthy of death.

Notwithſtanding the partial oppoſition the apoſtates met with, and the horror their conduct, as well as their miniſtry excited in all good minds, they, at laſt, found themſelves in poſſeſſion of the churches, to the excluſion of the ancient prieſts. Such of theſe latter as had eſcaped death, were now bereft of all means of ſubſiſtence; they were therefore obliged to become a charge to their faithful pariſhioners. Had there been any ſuch things as toleration and liberty under the Conſtituent Aſſembly, theſe unfortunate men might ſtill have found a retreat amongſt their wealthy neighbours, that would have left them no reaſon to regret the loſs of their ſalaries. But the greateſt part of their wealthy neighbours were already reduced to their own ſituation, and thoſe who were not, knew that the reception of a non-juring prieſt would amount to a proof of *ariſtocracy*, ſufficient to lead

them to the guillotine. The expulſed prieſts were, then, obliged to take ſhelter in ſome obſcure and miſerable cabin, and often was the terror ſo great, that, like perſons infected with the plague, no one would admit them beneath his roof.

From ſuch a ſtate of miſery and humiliation, ſome fled in diſguiſe to the countries ſurrounding France; ſome to receſſes in the foreſts, whither the peaſants of the neighbourhood brought them the means of exiſtence. Numbers, however, ſtill remained in their towns and villages. Seeing the whole country ſwarming with aſſaſſins, they thought, perhaps, they might as well wait the ſtab in their own pariſhes as to ſeek it at a diſtance. Many, too, from age and infirmity, were abſolutely incapable of travelling; and, beſides the ſmall remainder of a life ſo full of bitterneſs, could not, with ſuch men, be an object of ſufficient importance to induce them to abandon thoſe of their pariſhioners, who ſtill ſought their advice and conſolation. Some were retained by their affection to their relations, or their parents; it is ſo hard to break the bands of nature, to tear oneſelf from all one holds dear, that the riſk of death in competition with ſuch a ſeparation, loſes half its terrors.

The ancient prieſts who remained in their pariſhes, or near them, though often oblig-

ed to ſecret themſelves, and though, to appearances, generally ſhunned, were reſorted to by great numbers, particularly of the elderly people. I have already obſerved, that, among the youth, there was a pretty general bias toward the apoſtates. Hence enſued ſuch ſcenes of diviſion and perſecution as no country on earth except France ever witneſſed. Friends were divided againſt friends; one branch of a family againſt another. It often happened that the parents treated their children as apoſtates, and the children their parents as ariſtocrats; quarrels and bloodſhed were as often the conſequences. We have ſeen (page 29 of *this volume*) a ſon cut off the heads of his father and mother, becauſe they refuſed to attend at the maſs of an apoſtate, carry the heads to his club, and receive applauſes for the deed. Acts like this were not frequent; but others very near approaching it, were not only frequent but general. Sons, and even daughters, have been known to beat and lacerate their parents in the moſt cruel manner. Hundreds of both ſexes have been led to priſon and publicly accuſed by their children. A man at Faulconberg in Artois, blew his wife's brains out with his muſket, and left her wallowing in her blood on the hearth with ſeven ſmall children crying round her!

Can any man, with the common feelings of humanity about his heart, contemplate ſuch ſcenes of horror, without execrating the revolution that gave riſe to them?*.

The apoſtate prieſts failed not to fan the flames of diſcord and diviſion. To ingratiate themſelves with the young and ignorant, they mixed in all their amuſements and debauches, treated them at their own houſes, and inſtituted civic feſtivals for the mob, with whom they were continually ſurrounded. Their maſſes were ſung midſt the ſhouts of robbers and murderers, and

* Many writers (and among others Thomas Paine) have remarked, that the French paid great reſpect, even a ſort of adoration, to old people: if this was the caſe, which I am by no means inclined to deny, or doubt, what ſort of a revolution muſt that be, which has changed this reſpect and veneration, ſo juſtly due to old age, into ſcorn and contempt, into a mercileſs brutality, nay, into parricide? *Solon* made no law to puniſh *ſacrilege* or *parricide*; becauſe, he obſerved, "the firſt was as yet unknown in Athens, and the "ſecond was ſo directly againſt all the feelings of na-"ture, that he did not believe it could ever be com-"mitted."—Poor *Solon* did not live in the "*en-"lightened eighteenth* century," or he would never have talked in this way. If he could but riſe from the grave, and liſten to our *philoſophers*, they would not only convince him that ſuch actions are poſſible, but they would tell him they were indiſpenſably neceſſary to the eſtabliſhment of a free republican government. Had *Solon* been at Paris, ſince the revolution, he would have been guillotined for a rank ariſtocrat.

often interrupted by the arrival of ſome innocent conſcientious perſon, dragged in to aſſiſt at what he looked upon as a profanation. Their churches reſembled guard-houſes, rather than places of divine worſhip. In proportion as they perceived themſelves neglected and deſpiſed, their wrath againſt their unſhaken predeceſſors increaſed. Vexed and humiliated to find, that all the reſpectable part of their pariſhioners took as much pains to avoid them, as to ſeek a communication with their old paſtors, the whole weight of their vengeance fell on theſe latter. In their exiſtence itſelf they ſaw a memento of their own infamy. There is not a ſpecies of cruelty, that the moſt obdurate can deviſe, which they left uneſſayed. They hunted them from their retreats, from the houſes of their friends and relations, from the woods and caverns even, to expoſe them to inſult and murder. The infirmities of age, the tears of parents, nothing could ſoften the hearts of theſe apoſtate wretches. We have ſeen enough of the ſufferings of the old clergy in the firſt Chapter of this work; but there is yet one inſtance which I muſt quote. "I was at "*Trois Rivières* (ſays *le voyageur de la Revo-* "*lution*) a little village in Picardy. I ſaw "ſeveral women running by the inn where "I had put up; they all ſeemed much

" alarmed. I aſked the landlord what was " the matter: he told me that the revolu- " tionary prieſt, provoked to find that none " of the village attended at his maſs, had " been that morning to *Ville D'Eu* for a " party of national guards, to aid him in " driving the former prieſt from a little " cottage, where he and his mother had " taken ſhelter. The man gave me a moſt " affecting account of this good prieſt, who " was upwards of fourſcore years of age, " and who had been the rector of that place " for more than fifty years. On the day " he was to deliver his cure into the hands " of the apoſtate, he ſummoned his little " flock to meet him in the church for the " laſt time. Not a ſoul was abſent: old or " young. The women carried their infants " in their arms, and two old people, not " able to walk were carried on couches. *My* " *children*, ſays the old man, *I have preſ-* " *ſed your tender hands on the baptiſmal* " *font: I have ſung the requiem for the ſouls* " *of your fathers: I muſt now bid you an eter-* " *nal farewel, deprived of the conſolation of* " *leaving my aſhes amongſt you.*—Here he " ceaſed; tears ſtifled his voice: the ſobs " and cries of his audience rendered the " ſcene too much for him.—While the land- " lord was ſpeaking, we heard a diſcharge " of muſkets, and a loud ſhriek of women.

" We ran to the ſpot. The peaſants of the " village, about forty in number, had aſ- " ſembled round the cottage with clubs to " defend their paſtor; but, the enemy hav- " ing fire arms, they had been obliged to " give way, leaving two of their compani- " ons dead and ſeveral wounded. I now " beheld a ſight ſufficient to melt the heart " of a tyger. Two ruffians of the national " guard were dragging out this venerable " old man by the hair of his head, by " thoſe locks as white as ſnow. He had " received a wound in his cheek, from " which the blood ran down on his gar- " ments. In this ſituation was he led off, " bare headed and bare footed, towards " *Ville D'Eu*, while his poor old parent, " who had been many years blind and " dumb, remained on her bed, happily in- " ſenſible of the ſorrows of her ſon. As " the villains pulled him along, all the " words he was heard to utter, were, My " Mother! Oh! My Mother!—The women " and children of the village followed the " eſcort with cries and lamentations, till " the ſavages drove them back with the " points of their bayonets."

Nor were thoſe of the laity ſpared, who reſorted to the old clergy for the exerciſe of the rites which they looked upon as eſſential. A new married couple having refuſed to have the ceremony perform-

ed by one of the apoſtates, a party of his myrmidons broke in upon them, the wedding night. The huſband made his eſcape: the wife, in a ſwoon, became the prey of the party. They gratified their brutal paſſion, without gratifying their ferocity. They tore off her breaſts, as a tyger might have done with his claws, and threw them on the floor. They then left her to wait till death relieved her from her horrible ſituation.*

I ſhould have ſcrupled inſerting a fact like this, though taken from ſo reſpectable a work, if the former part of this volume did not contain others, if poſſible ſurpaſſing it: I ſay *if poſſible;* for I declare I know not which is moſt ſhocking, the tearing off a woman's breaſts, or the ripping a child from her womb, and ſticking it on the point of a bayonet. Indeed, the greateſt part of the facts related here, are ſo much more ſhocking and terrific than any thing

* *See Hiſt. of the French Clergy, page* 138.—I cannot help remarking here, that it is ſomething wonderful this *Hiſtory* is not more known in America.—It is a proof, among hundreds, how locked up we have been to every thing that might lead us to a juſt eſtimation of the French Revolution.—It is true, the greateſt part of the News-paper have ſet their faces againſt truth; but ſurely, were the preſſes free, we ought not to ſuffer ourſelves to be kept in the dark by people, who are, probably paid for ſo doing.

we have ever before had an idea of, that common murders appear as trifling.

By means like theſe, the old clergy and their adherents were extirpated, and religion along with them. The buſineſs of the new clergy (if the wretches deſerve the name) was not to eſtabliſh one church on the ruins of another: it would be as preposterous to ſuppoſe that an Aſſembly of Atheiſts and Deiſts had any ſuch intention, as to ſuppoſe that a horde of apoſtates were calculated for the work. Theſe latter were, in fact, ſo many miſſionaries of blaſphemy and murder, ſent into the provinces purpoſely to deſtroy the ancient prieſthood. The aſſembly foreſaw that, when that was done, their new prieſts would at any time become the apoſtles of infidelity.

It muſt be confeſſed that theſe legiſlators did not want for cunning: an elegant writer has lately called them "architects of ruin;" and, indeed, they poſſeſſed the art of deſtroying in its utmoſt perfection. Their calculations with reſpect to their new prieſts were extremely juſt; they came out to an unit. When they had annihilated their predeceſſors, they were not only ready to ſecond the decrees for the abolition of chriſtianity altogether; they were not only inſtrumental therein, but they had led the way. Several began to teach the religion

of *Reaſon* in the Jacobin clubs, of which they were all members, and even in the pulpit. The garb of a prieſt itſelf became a burthen to them, and they humbly aſked leave to quit it for the more honourable one of the national guard. The apoſtate biſhop of Moulin, who had been conſecrated by the unhallowed hands of *Talleyrand*, wrote to the Convention that he officiated with a pike and liberty cap, inſtead of the croiſer and the mitre. It was this vile wretch, who firſt cauſed to be written on the gate of the burying ground: "*this is the place of everlaſting ſleep.*—

Three weeks after this communication of the biſhop of Moulin, *Gobet*, the new biſhop of Paris, with his Grand-Vicars and three other revolutionary biſhops, came to the hall of the legiſlators and there abdicated chriſtianity in form. They begged pardon of the injured nation for having ſo long kept them in the dark, by duping them into a belief of the divinity of an *Impoſtor*, whoſe religion they now threw off with abhorrence, reſolved in future to acknowledge no other deity than *Reaſon* alone!

It was not more than four days after this that a pagan feſtival was held in the Cathedral Church of Paris. A woman named Memoro, the wife of another man, but the

ſtrumpet of the vile Hebert, *alias* Father du Chêne, was dreſſed up as the *goddeſs of Reaſon*. Her throne was of green turf; an altar was erected at ſome diſtance, on which the prieſts burnt incenſe, while the legiſlators and the brutified Pariſian herd were proſtrated before the throne of the goddeſs *Reaſon*, *alias* Memoro, *alias* du Chêne.

About this epoch appeared the paganiſh republican calendar, with a decree ordering its adoption. This was intended to root from the poor tyranized people the very memory of religion; to dry up the only ſource of comfort they had left. They had been robbed of all they poſſeſſed in this world, and their inexorable tyrants wiſhed to rob them of every hope in the next. Some ſay that this calendar itſelf was compoſed by an apoſtate prieſt, others, that it was the work of a writer of farces, named Des Moulins. Whoever may be author, we know who has the honour of re-printing it and retailing it in this country.

It is true the laſt mentioned acts, the conſummation of the moſt horrid blaſphemy that ever man was witneſs of, took place under the Convention; but, what were they more than a neceſſary conſequence of the meaſures of the Conſtituent Aſſembly? nay; the leaders in that Aſſembly boaſted,

when they had obtained the decree againſt the non-juring prieſts, that they had tricked the people out of their religion, before they perceived it. Nor is there at this time one of thoſe who voted for that decree, who will not tell you, that chriſtianity is a farce, fit only for the amuſement of old folks, and that he rejoices in its abolition in France. This is not mere ſurmiſe.

Indeed, that their ſucceſſors have only fulfilled their wiſhes, in this reſpect, there can be no doubt, if any judgment of the wiſhes of men is to be formed from their principles, their words and their actions. Who, I aſk, that wiſhed to preſerve religion, would have paſſed a decree for the expulſion of every prieſt that refuſed to forſwear himſelf? who, that did not wiſh to deſtroy religion, would have paſſed a decree for committing it to the care of apoſtates? Was it not clear, that ſuch men would ſtick at nothing? That, at the nod of their maſters, they would at any time be ready to blaſpheme the God they pretended to adore? On the contrary, the Aſſembly knew, that there was no hope of their ſyſtem taking root, while the ancient clergy remained in their cures. Among men, who gave up their all, and expoſed themſelves to almoſt certain death, rather than falſify their faith, they could not hope to find a *Gobet*. They

could not hope to find ſupple villains that would voluntarily depoſe the emblems of their religion on the altar of a ſtrumpet, and confeſs themſelves to have been the crafty miniſters of an *arch impoſtor*.—

The oath tendered to the clergy was the touch-ſtone; it was to prove them; to know whom the Aſſembly could depend on for the accompliſhment of their projects, and whom they could not depend on. The enforcing of the oath was the laſt blow to public religion in France, and therefore the deſtruction of that religion, with all its immoral and murderous conſequences, is due to the Conſtituent Aſſembly, and to them alone. It is as nonſenſical as unjuſt to accuſe this or that faction, or even the Convention itſelf, of exchanging Chriſtianity for a ſyſtem of paganiſm; infidels who adore an idol are as good as infidels who adore none; and where is the difference, whether the adored idol be Jean Jacques Rouſſeau or Madame Memoro? An adulteſs is as good a goddeſs as an adulterer is a god at any time.

Let the reader now look back, and he will eaſily trace all the horrors of the French Revolution to the decrees of the Conſtituent Aſſembly. It was they that rent the government to pieces; it was they that firſt broached the deiſtical [illegible]

of equality; it was they that deſtroyed all ideas of private property; and finally, it was they that rendered the people hardened, by effacing from their minds every principle of the only religion capable of keeping mankind within the bounds of juſtice and humanity. Look alſo at their particular actions, and you will ſee them breaking their oaths to their conſtituents and to their king; you will ſee their agents driving people from their eſtates, beating and killing them; you will ſee them ſurrounded with a ſet of hireling writers and aſſaſſins, employed to degrade and murder peaceable people attached to the religion of their forefathers; and you will ſee them not only pardoning murders, in ſpite of their poor humiliated monarch, but even receiving the aſſaſſins at their bar, covering them with applauſes, and inſtituting feſtivals in their honour. What have the members of the Convention and their agents done more than this? They have murdered in greater numbers. True; but what have numbers to do with the matter? The principle on which thoſe murders were committed was ever the ſame; it was more or leſs active as occaſion required. The wants of the Convention were more preſſing than thoſe of the Conſtituent Aſſembly. The Aſſembly were not driven to the expedient of *requiſitions*, nor was

the hour yet arrived for the promulgation of the paganiſh calendar. Conſequently they met with leſs oppoſition, and therefore leſs murders were neceſſary; but, had they continued their ſittings to this day, the devaſtation of every kind would have been the ſame that it has been.

The whole hiſtory of the revolution preſents us with nothing but a regular progreſs in robbery and murder. The firſt Aſſembly, for inſtance, begin by flattering the mob, wheedling their king out of his title and his power; they then ſet him at defiance proſcribe or put to death his friends; and then ſhut him up in his palace, as a wild beaſt in a cage. The ſecond Aſſembly ſend a gang of ruffians to inſult and revile him, and then they hurl him from his throne. The third Aſſembly cut his throat. What is there in all this but a regular and natural progreſſion from bad to worſe. And ſo with the reſt of their abominable actions.

To throw the blame on the ſucceſſors of the firſt deſpotic Aſſembly is ſuch a perverſion of reaſon, ſuch an abandonment of truth, that no man, who has a ſingle grain of ſenſe, can hear of with patience. As well might we aſcribe all the murders committed at Nantz to the under cut-throats, by whom they were perpetrated, and not to the Convention by whoſe order, and un-

der whoſe protection, theſe cut-throats acted. The Conſtituent Aſſembly knew the conſequences of their decrees, as well as Foucault (*See page* 66) knew the conſequence of his order for throwing forty women from the cliff Pierre-moine into the ſea; and it is full as ridiculous to hear them pretend, that they did not wiſh thoſe conſequences to follow, as it would be to hear Foucault pretend, that he did not wiſh the forty women ſhould be drowned. True, the Convention are guilty of every crime under heaven: aſſaſſins and blaſphemers muſt ever merit deteſtation and abhorrence, from whatever motive they may act, or by whomſoever taught and inſtigated; but ſtill the pre-eminence in infamy is due to their teachers and inſtigators: the Convention is, in relation to the Conſtituent Aſſembly, what the ignorant deſperate bravo is in relation to his crafty and ſculking employer.

Before I conclude, it may not be improper, as I have hitherto ſpoken of the Conſtituent Aſſembly in a general way, to make ſome diſtinctions with reſpect to the perſons who compoſed it. I am very far from holding them all up as objects of abhorrence, or even of cenſure. There were many, very many, men of great wiſdom and virtue, who were elected to the Sates-General, and even who joined the Aſſem-

bly, after it assumed the epithet *National*. It would be the height of injustice to reproach these men with the consequences of measures, which they opposed with such uncommon eloquence and courage. History will make honourable mention of their names, when the epitome I have here attempted will be lost and forgotten. Suffice it then to say, that the weight of our censure, of the censure of all just and good men, ought to fall on those licentious politicians and infidel philosophers alone, who sanctioned the decree for the annihilation of property and religion.

Here, too, we ought to divest ourselves of every thing of a personal or party nature, and direct our abhorrence to principles alone. As to the actors, they have, in general, already expiated their wickedness or folly by the loss of their lives. We have seen the atheist Condorcet obliged to fly in disguise from the capital, the inhabitants of which he had corrupted, and by whom he had been adored as the great luminary of the age: we have seen him assume the garb and the supplicating tone of a common beggar, lurking in the lanes and woods, like a houseless thief, and, at last, literally dying in a ditch, leaving his carcase a prey to the fowls of the air, and his memory as a lesson to future apostles of

anarchy and blaſphemy. Scores, not to ſay hundreds, of his coadjutors have ſhared a fate little different from his own; and thoſe who have not, can have little reaſon to congratulate themſelves on their eſcape. The tornado they had raiſed for the deſtruction of others, has ſwept them from the ſeat of their tyranny, and ſcattered them over every corner of the earth. Thoſe haughty uſurpers who refuſed the precedence to the ſucceſſors of Charlemagne, are now obliged to yield it to a peaſant or a porter. They who decreed, that the "Folding-Doors of the Louvre ſhould fly open at their approach," are now glad to lift the latch of a wicket, and bend their heads beneath the thatch of a cabin. And, what language can expreſs the vexation, the anguiſh, the cutting reflections, that muſt be the companions of their obſcurity! When they look back on their diſtracted country, when they behold the widows, the orphans, the thouſands and hundreds of thouſands of murdered victims, that it preſents; when they behold the frantic people, carrying the dagger to the hearts of their parents, nay, digging their forefathers from their graves, and throwing their aſhes to the winds; when they behold all this, and reflect that it is the work of their own hands, well might

they call on the hills to hide them. The torments of ſuch an exiſtence who can bear? Next to the wrath of heaven, the malediction of one's country is ſurely the moſt tremendous and inſupportable.

Now, what is the advantage we ought to derive from the awful example before us?—It ought to produce in us a watchfulneſs, and a ſteady reſolution to oppoſe the advances of diſorganizing and infidel principles. I am aware that it will be ſaid by ſome, that all fear of the progreſs of theſe principles is imaginary; but, conſtant obſervation aſſures me, that it is but too well founded. Let any man examine the change in political and religious opinions ſince the eſtabliſhment of the general government, and particularly the change crept in along with our ſilly admiration of the French Revolution, and ſee if the reſult of his inquiries, does not juſtify a fear of our falling under the ſcourge, that has brought a happy and gallant people on their knees, and left them bleeding at every pore.

Unfortunately for America, Great Britain has thrown from her the principles of the French revolutioniſts with indignation and abhorrence. This, which one would

imagine ſhould have had little or no influence on us, has ſerved, in ſome meaſure, as a guide to our opinions, and has been one of the principal motives for our actions. A combination of circumſtances, ſuch as, perhaps, never before met together, has ſo ſoured the minds of the great maſs of the people in this country, has worked up their hatred againſt Great Britain to ſuch a pitch, that the inſtant that nation is named, they loſe not only their temper but their reaſon alſo. The dictates of nature and the exerciſe of judgment are thrown aſide: whatever the Britiſh adopt muſt be rejected, and whatever they reject muſt be adopted. Hence it is, that all the execrable acts of the French legiſlators, not forgetting their murders and their blaſphemy, have met with the moſt unqualified applauſes, merely becauſe they were execrated in the iſland of Britain.

The word *Republic* has alſo done a great deal. France is a *Republic*, and the decrees of the legiſlators were neceſſary to maintain it a Republic. This *word* outweighs, in the eſtimation of ſome perſons (I wiſh I could ſay they are few in number) all the horrors that have been, and that can be, committed in that country. One of theſe modern republicans will tell you that he does not deny, that hundreds of thouſands of innocent perſons have been mur-

dered in France; that the people have neither religion nor morals; that all the ties of nature are rent aſunder; that the riſing generation will be a race of cut-throats; that poverty and famine ſtalk forth at large; that the nation is half depopulated; that its riches along with millions of the beſt of the people are gone to enrich and aggrandize its enemies; that its commerce, its manufactures, its ſciences, its arts, and its honour, are no more; but at the end of all this, he will tell you that it muſt be happy, becauſe it is a *Republic*. I have heard more than one of theſe republican zealots declare, that he would ſooner ſee the laſt of the French exterminated, than ſee them adopt any other form of government. Such a ſentiment is characteriſtic of a mind locked up in ſavage ignorance; and I would no more truſt my throat within the reach of ſuch a republican, than I would within that of a Louvet a Gregoire, or any of their colleagues.

Our enlightened philoſophers run on in a fine canting ſtrain about the bigotry and ignorance of their anceſtors; but, I would aſk them, what more ſtupid doltiſh bigotry can there be, than to make the ſound of a word the ſtandard of good or bad government? what is there in the combination of the letters which make up the word *Republic;* what is there in the ſound they pro-

duce, that the bellowing of it forth ſhould compenſate for the want of every virtue, and even for common ſenſe and common honeſty?—It is ſynonymous with liberty.—Fatal error! In the mouth of a turbulent demagogue it is ſynonymous with liberty, and with every thing elſe, that will pleaſe his hearers; but, with the man of virtue and ſenſe, it has no more than its literal value; that is, it means, of itſelf, neither good nor evil. If we call our own government that of a *Republic*, and judge of the meaning of the word by the effects of that government, it will admit of a moſt amiable interpretation; but, if we are to judge of it by what it has produced in France, it means all that is ruinous, tyrannical, blaſphemous and bloody. Laſt winter, one of theſe republican heroes in Congreſs, accuſed a gentleman from New England of having adopted *anti-republican* principles, becauſe he propoſed ſomething that ſeemed to militate *againſt negro-ſlavery!* Thus, then, republicaniſm did not mean liberty. In ſhort, it means any thing: it is a watch word of faction, and if ever our happy and excellently conſtituted Republic ſhould be overturned, it will be done under the maſk of republicaniſm.

Let us, then, be upon our guard; let us look to the characters and actions of men,

and not to their profeſſions; let us attach ourſelves to things and not to words; to ſenſe and not to ſound. Should the day of *requiſition* and *murder* arrive, our tyrants calling themſelves republicans will be but a poor conſolation to us. The loſs of property, the preſſure of want, beggary, will not be leſs real becauſe flowing from republican decrees. Hunger pinches the republican, the cold blaſt cramps his joints as well as thoſe of other men. This word does not ſoften the pangs of death. The keen knife will not produce a delectable ſenſation becauſe drawn acroſs the throat by a republican; nor will the word republican parry a bullet, or render a flaming fire a bed of down. When Monſieur Berthier had the ghaſtly head of his father preſſed againſt his lips, when his own heart was afterwards torn from his living body, and placed, all reeking and palpitating, on a table before a committee of magiſtrates, the agonies of his mind and of his mangled careaſs were not aſſuaged by the ſhouts of his republican murderers.

Shall we ſay that theſe things never can take place among us? Becauſe we have hitherto preſerved the character of a pacific and humane people ſhall we ſet danger at defiance? Though we are not French-

men, we are men as well as they, and conſequently are liable to be miſled, and even to be ſunk to the loweſt degree of brutality as they have been. They, too, had an amiable character: what character have they now? The ſame principles brought into action among us would produce the ſame degradation. I repeat we are not what we were before the French Revolution. Political projectors from every corner of Europe, troublers of ſociety of every deſcription, from the whining philoſophical hypocrite to the daring rebel and more daring blaſphemer, have taken ſhelter in theſe States. Will it be pretended that the principles and paſſions of theſe men have changed with the change of air? it would be folly to ſuppoſe it.

Nor are men of the ſame ſtamp wanting among the native Americans. There is not a ſingle action of the French revolutioniſts, but has been juſtified and applauded in our public papers, and many of them in our public aſſemblies. Anarchy has its open advocates. The divine author of our religion has been put upon a level with the infamous Marat. We have ſeen a clergyman of the epiſcopal church publicly abuſed, becauſe he had recommended to his congregation to beware of the atheiſtical principles

of the French. Even their calendar, the frivolous offspring of infidelity is propoſed for our imitation. Where perſons, whoſe livelihood depends on their daily publications, are to be found who are ever ready to publiſh articles of this nature, it were the groſſeſt folly not to believe, that there are hundreds and thouſands to whom they give pleaſure.* But, we are not left to mere ſurmiſe here. How many numerous companies have iſſued, under the form of toaſts, ſentiments offenſive to humanity and diſgraceful to our national character? We have ſeen the *guillotine* toaſted to three times three cheers, and even under the diſcharge of cannon. If drunken men, as is uſually the caſe, ſpeak from the bottom of their hearts, what quarter ſhould we have to expect from wretches like theſe. It muſt be allowed, too, that where the cannons were fired to give eclat to ſuch a ſen-

* It is a truth that no one will deny, that the News-papers of this country are become its ſcourge. I ſpeak with a few exceptions. It is ſaid that they enlighten the people; but their light is like the torch of an incendiary, and the one has the ſame deſtructive effect on mind as the other has on matter. The whole ſtudy of the editors ſeems to be to deceive and confound. One would almoſt think they were hired by ſome malicious demon, to turn the brains and corrupt the hearts of their readers.

timent, that the convives were not of the moſt deſpicable claſs. And, what would the reader ſay, were I to tell him of a member of Congreſs, who wiſhed to ſee one of thoſe murderous machines, employed for lopping off the heads of the French, permanent in the State-Houſe yard of the City of Philadelphia?

If theſe men of blood had ſucceeded in plunging us into a war; if they had once got the ſword into their hands, they would have mowed us down like ſtubble. The word *ariſtocrat* would have been employed to as good account here, as ever it has been in France. We might 'ere this, have ſeen our places of worſhip turned into ſtables; we might have ſeen the banks of the Delaware, like thoſe of the Loire, covered with human carcaſes, and its waters tinged with blood: 'ere this we might have ſeen our parents butchered, and even the head of our admired and beloved Preſident rolling on a ſcaffold.

I know the reader will ſtart back with horror. His heart will tell him, that it is impoſſible. But, once more, let him look at the example before us. The man who, in 1788, ſhould have predicted the fate of the laſt humane and truly patriotic Louis, would have been treated as a wretch or a

madman. The attacks on the character and conduct of the irreproachable *Waſhington*, have been as bold, if not bolder, than thoſe which led to the downfall of the unfortunate French Monarch. His impudent and unprincipled enemies have repreſented him as cankered with every vice that mark a worthleſs tyrant; they have called him the betrayer of the liberties of his country, and have even drawn up and publiſhed *articles of accuſation* againſt him! Can it, then, be imagined, that, had they poſſeſſed the power, they wanted the will to dip their hands in his blood? I am fully aſſured, that theſe wretches do not make a hundred thouſandth part of the people of the Union: the name of *Waſhington* is as dear and dearer, to all good men, than it ever was. But, of what conſequence is their affection to him, of what avail to themſelves, if they ſuffer him to be thus treated, without making one ſingle effort to defeat the project of his infamous traducers? It is not for me to dictate the method of doing this; but ſure I am, that had the friends of virtue and order ſhown only a hundredth part of the zeal in the cauſe of their own country, as the enemies of both have done in the cauſe of France, we ſhould not now have to lament the exiſtence of a hardened and

impious faction, whoſe deſtructive principles, if not timely and firmly oppoſed, may one day render the annals of America as diſgraceful as thoſe of the French Revolution.

THE END.

COPY RIGHT SECUKED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.

8 0C 63

JUST PUBLISHED

And to be ſold by

BENJAMIN DAVIES

No. 68, *High-Street (price* 5-8*ths of a dollar)*

REVOLUTIONARY JUSTICE DISPLAYED,

Or an Inſide View of the Priſons of Paris, Under the government of Robeſpierre And the Jacobins;

Taken from the Journals of the Priſoners themſelves.

Tranſlated from the French.

AND A

Plan of the City Philadelphia

26 *Inches ſquare.*

Taken from actual ſurvey and neatly engravèd, with a Pamphlet, giving "Some Account of the civil and religious inſtitutions, population, trade and government" of the Place.—*(price* 1 *dollar.)*